

799/20

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Mitchell Joseph

K

The First VOLUME.



L O N D O N :

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St. Dunstan's Church, Fleetstreet, 1729.*

2 M E 9



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,
THIS
VOLUME is Dedicated,
AS A
LASTING MONUMENT
OF
ESTEEM, GRATITUDE, and SUBMISSION,

BY
His LORDSHIP'S
Most obliged, and ever
Faithful humble Servant,

Mitchell.

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
JOHN LOW OF STAIR
THAT
YOUR HONORABLE
AS A
TESTING MONUMENT
OF
THE GREATNESS OF HIS CHARACTER

BY
MR. LAWSON
OF THE
FIRM OF
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A

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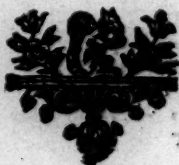
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T H E
Muse's Original :

A N
O D E.

INSCRIB'D TO
AARON HILL, Esq;



(Rights,
AKE, heav'nly *Muse*, and vindicate thy
Usurp'd, profan'd, and sacrific'd, by *Foes*,
Who, or to *Pagan* Pow'rs ascribe their
(Flights,

Or, with thy Praises, honour Earth-born *Prose*.

Heedless of *Custom*, and the *Fool's* blind Rage,

Boldly thy *Worth* and *Origin* impart,
VOL. I.

B

And

And teach a loose and undiscerning Age,
 To reverence *Genius*, and be just to *Art*.
 And Thou, of Verse and Man th'almighty *Sire*,
 Who, long ere *Heathen Gods* were idly known,
 Did'st *form* the Mind, the Mind *inspire*,
 And *tune* it by thy own,
 Aid, and conduct, the Purpose of my Lays;
 Thine is the *Pow'r*, and thine be all the *Praise*.

II.

By venal *Poets* misapply'd,
 And by the Dull disgrac'd,
 Long has the *Muse* been aiming wide,
 In *Wit's* luxuriant Waste;
 Long has she worn the Masks of painted *Vice*,
 And, by the Pow'r of prostituted *Rhime*,
 Made *Guilt* seem void of *Crime*,
 And *Poetry* detested by the *Wise*.

The

on several Occasions.

3

The ravish'd *Nymph* each stern Beholder scorns,
And terms That *Scandal*, which Mankind *adorns*.
Ev'n *Bards* Themselves, disclaiming due Renown,
Resign their Rights, and *Pagan* Altars crown ;
Meanly, the *Muse's* Line from *Phæbus* trace,
And empty *Nothings* in Dominion place.
Or shou'd *one* rise, with a diviner Flame,

And boldly deathless Honours claim,
Custom wou'd keep the World averse to yield,
That, from *celestial Aid*, his Genius came,
And drive him, *unrewarded*, from the Field,

III.

But if the *Muse* unveils forgotten Years,
What high majestic Dignity appears!
The spotless Verse, that tun'd the infant Earth,
Was honour'd, as became its Birth.

Then all, that *Poets* taught, was held divine,
Moral in Sense, and Godlike in Design.

Like Heav'ns high *Oracles* rever'd,
They, and *They only*, Heav'ns Decrees made known;
The gathering Crowds, with Awe, their Dictates heard,
And, by their *Poets* Lives, reform'd their own.
Then sacred Songs cou'd Truths sublime rehearse,
And stern Religion charm'd the Soul, in Verse.

Priests were Themselves the *Poets* Then,
And *felt* the Pow'r they *preach'd* to Men.

III.

Teach, heav'nly *Muse*, when raptur'd *Moses* sung,
What pow'rful Transports arm'd his conquering
(Tongue!
Moses, who heard and mov'd the Voice of Heav'n,
By whom Religion's first-known Laws were giv'n!

Him

on several Occasions.

5

Him a divine Enthusiast's Fury fill'd,
The *God* within beat strong his widen'd Heart,
Celestial Raptures thro' his Spirits thrill'd,
And his Verse flam'd with Fire, unknown to Art.
ISRAEL, escaping from *Ægyptian* Sway,
Hung list'ning in the dangerous way ; (Shere,
Urg'd by their *Guide's* sweet Song, they climb'd the
Nor weigh'd the Wonder, while his Musick charm'd ;
Safe o'er one Sea, they wish'd to plunge in more ;
So had the *Poet* their new Virtue warm'd !

V.

DAVID, a Man allied to God's own Heart,
Ow'd to that favouring God the Poet's Art.
Inspir'd with Force of unresist'd Thought,
He wrote as much a Conqueror, as he fought ;
Still as his *Soldiers* listen'd to his Strains,
Their Blood ran rapt'rous thro' their swelling Veins.

B 3

With

With perfect Mastery, he cou'd mould the Mind,
 Rais'd it above the Reach of human Fear;
 Or made the *Warrior* soft as Womankind,
 When, with more gentle Notes, he struck the Ear.

At Will, he cou'd the Spirit move,
 And fill the Heart with Anger, Grief, or Love.
 Ev'n yet his Image lives in each warm Line,

Like his great Actions, all divine.

Religion's Self appears with double Grace,
 When his sweet *Muse* describes its beauteous Face.

VI.

O'er the rich Gifts, that fill'd his Son's wise Heart,

High shone this sacred Art.

Mark with what moving Energy of Wit,

Th' *imperial Lover* writ!

In Nature skill'd, he touch'd the tender Soul,

And cou'd the Springs of Sympathy control.

Wisdom

Wisdom and *Poetry*, together join'd,

To make him more a King, combin'd.

And sure, this Royal, this distinguish'd, Sage,

Was wiser than those blind, but holy, *Drones*,

The Stains of our fanatick Age!

Whose reverend Ignorance the *Muse* disowns;

Who use her ill, and understand her worse,

And 'gainst her Influence hum their drowsy Curse.

VII.

But those were Times of *Truth* and generous *Sense*,

When *Wit* was bright with *Innocence*;

Things unprofan'd her sacred Care employ'd,

Nor had the *Heathen* World her Charms enjoy'd.

God's favour'd Sons monopoliz'd the Art,

Nor left to *Pagan Bards* an envied Part.

Long lost in darkness, and misled,

By hungry Dæmons, whom their Altars fed,

Succeeding Nations, thro' a Depth of Night,

Saw, slow, a glimm'ring Light.

Yet, as they rose to Genius, what they thought,

Their never-dying Verse has taught.

If GREEKS and ROMANS then have thus been fir'd,

How sung the HEBREWS, whom their God inspir'd!

At least th' immortal *Copy* tells,

To what vast Height th' *Original* excels.

VIII.

But, when, resolv'd in Sin, the *Hebrew* State

To unbelieving Pow'rs became a Prey,

Their *Muse* too sunk amidst their common Fate,

And all Heav'ns Gifts, at once, dissolv'd away.

Exil'd, and lost, their captive Spirits fail'd,

And doleful Notes o'er cheerful *Airs* prevail'd.

Yet long they labour'd up th' o'erpow'ring Stream,

Warm with some remnant Sparks of ancient Flame.

Sacred

on several Occasions.

9

Sacred the *Muse* in ev'ry Land was held,
And all reap'd Honours, who in Verse excell'd.
Ev'n the APOSTLE's Eloquence, when sent,
The Fall of faithless Nations to prevent,
While with *Athenian* Eloquence it strove,
Chose, as the strongest Argument to move,

To quote their own great *Poet's* Wit:

No human Truth he found so fit
To strengthen and confirm his heav'nly Cause,
And force an unconverted World's Applause!

IX.

But now again, in the clear *Gospel's* Light,

Eternal Life and endless Joy

The *Muses* best can teach, redeem'd from Night,
And arm'd with Weapons they too ill employ.

Tasteless *Pretenders* to the Art,
Of Heads unsettled, and of wicked Heart,
Wou'd

Wou'd the pure Current stain,
 And back to Idol ÆGYPT turn again —
 Fatal Mistake! but what tho' some run mad,
 Must therefore the poetic Air be bad?
 If Right grows forfeit, when it meets Abuse,
 Reason and Search no longer are of Use,

X.

Wou'd *Christian Poets* their whole Forces join,
 How wou'd the World confess their *Muse* divine!
 What *well-bred Reformation* wou'd ensue?
 What Strength in Fancy, and in Practice, too?
 Then might the *Theater*, and *Pulpit*, vie,
 And each its several Influence try,
 Sweetly attracted to the charming Bait,
 Men wou'd no more shun Truth, nor Reason hate.
 Like wise *Physicians*, who their Drugs infold
 In Surfaces of tempting Gold,

Poets

on several Occasions.

II

Poets wou'd, by a Kind of virtuous Stealth,
Cheat their sick Readers into Health.

Prodigious Pow'r of soft, prevailing Art,
That breathes such gentle Fire, to melt th'unwilling
(Heart!

XI.

What art Thou, that by Passion so refin'd,
Can't first redeem, then fortify the Mind?
Ev'n against Nature urge our natural Heat,
And force th'unactive Virtue to be great?
O touch my trembling Lips, celestial *Muse*,
With a live-coal from Heav'ns unfading Fire,
Teach my faint Song thy influence to infuse,
And for immortal Fame my Breast inspire.
While others, Flatterers of an earthly Crown,
Wou'd to some empty Honour owe Renown,
Teach me to build a Pile of sacred Rhime,
That shall defy the Teeth of Time.

And

And, when forgotten Titles are no more,
 And vulgar Hopes have ebb'd their utmost Store,
 Let my lov'd *Muse* known, and remember'd, live,
 And endless Joy thro' unborn Ages give,

XII.

Heedless of *Custom*, and the vulgar Breath,
 I toil for *Glory*, in a Path untrod,
 Or where but few have dar'd to combat Death,
 And few, untaggering, carry Virtue's Load.

Thy *Muse*, O HILL, of living Names,
 My first Respect, and chief Attendance claims.
 Sublimely fir'd, Thou look'st disdainful down
 On trifling Subjects, and a vile Renown.
 In every Verse, in ev'ry Thought of thine,
 There's heav'nly Rapture and Design.

Who can thy Godlike *GIDEON view,

* GIDEON, an Epic Poem, by A. Hill, Esq.

And

on several Occasions.

13

And not thy *Muse* pursue,
Or wish, at least, such Miracles to do?

XIII.

Sure, in thy Breast, the ancient *Hebrew* Fire
Reviv'd, glows hot, and blazes forth!
How strong, how fierce, the Flames aspire,
Of thy interior Worth,
When † burning Worlds thou set'st before our Eyes,
And draw'st tremendous Judgment from the Skies!
O bear me on thy *Seraph* Wing,
And teach my weak, obsequious, *Muse* to sing.
To *Thee* I owe the little Art I boast;
Thy Heat first melted my co-genial Frost.
Preserve the Sparks thy Breath did fan,
And, by thy Likeness, form me into true poetic Man.

† See the *Judgment-Day*, a Poem, by A. Hill, Esq;

A N

on Forest of Orono

...and you can find it



A N
O D E
ON THE
POWER of MUSICK.

INSCRIB'D TO

Mr. *Alexander Malcolm*,

Occasion'd by his

TREATISE of MUSICK.

I.



WHEN Nature yet in *Embrio* lay,

Ere Things began to Be,

The Almighty from eternal Day

Spoke loud his deep Decree:

The

The Voice was tuneful as his Love,
 At which Creation sprung,
 And all th' *Angelick* Hosts above
 The Morning Anthem Sung.

II.

As Musick's sweet prevailing Call,
 Thro' boundless Realms of Space,
 The Atoms danc'd, obsequious, all,
 And, to compose this wond'rous Ball,
 In order took their Place.
 How did the Piles of Matter part,
 And huddled Nature from her Slumber start?
 When, from the Mass immensely steep,
 The Voice bid Order sudden leap,
 To usher in a World.
 What Heav'nly Melody and Love
 Began in ev'ry Sphere to move?

When

When Elements, that jarr'd before,
Were all aside distinctly hurl'd,
And Chaos reign'd no more.

III.

Musick the mighty Parent was,
Empower'd by God, the Sovereign Cause.
Musick first spirited the Lifeless Waste,
Sever'd the fullen, bulky Mass,
And active Motion call'd from lazy Rest.
Summon'd by Musick, *Form* uprear'd her Head,
From Depths, where Life it self lay dead;
While sudden Rays of ever-living Light
Broke from the Abyfs of ancient Night,
(Influence spread.
Reveal'd the New-born Earth around, and its fair
God saw that all the Work was good;

(Off-spring, stood.
The Work, the Effect of Harmony, its wond'rous
VOL. I. C Musick

IV.

Musick, the best of Arts Divine,
Maintains the Tune it first began,
And makes ev'n Opposites combine
To be of use to Man.
Discords with tuneful Concords move
Thro' all the Spacious Frame;
Below is breath'd the Sound of Love,
While Mystick Dances shine *Above*,
And Musick's Power to nether Worlds proclaim.
What various Globes in proper Spheres,
Perform their Great Creator's Will?
While never silent, never still,
Melodiously they run,
Unhurt by Chance, or Length of Years,
Around the Central Sun.

V.

The little, perfect World, call'd Man,
In whom the Diapason ends,
In his Contexture, shews a Plan
Of Harmony, that makes amends,
(By God-like Beauty, that adorns his Race,)
For all the Spots on Nature's Face.
He boasts a pure, a tuneful Soul,
That rivals the Celestial Throng,
And can ev'n Savage Beasts controul
With his enchanting Song.
Tho' diff'rent Passions struggle in his Mind,
Where Love and Hatred, Hope and Fear are join'd,
All, by a secret Guidance, tend
To one harmonious End.

VI.

Its great Original to prove,
 And shew it blest'd us from above,
 In creeping Winds, thro' Air it sweetly floats,
 And works strange Miracles by Notes.
 Our beating Pulses bear each bidden Part,
 And ev'ry Passion of the master'd Heart

(the Art.
 Is touch'd with Sympathy, and speaks the Wonders of

Now Love, in soft and whispering Strains,

Thrills gently thro' the Veins,

And binds the Soul in Silken Chains.

Then Rage and Fury fire the Blood,

(Flood.
 And hurried Spirits, rising high, ferment the boiling

Silent, anon, we sink, resign'd in Grief:

But, e're our yielding Passions quite subside,

Some swelling Note calls back the ebbing Tide,
 And

And lifts us to Relief.

With Sound we Love, we Joy, and we Despair,
The solid Substance hug, or grasp delusive Air.

VII.

In various Ways the Heart-strings shake,

And different things they speak.

For, when the meaning Masters strike the *Lyre*,

Or *Haut-boys* briskly move,

Our Souls, like Lightning, blaze with quick Desire,

Or melt away in Love.

But when the Martial *Trumpet*, swelling high,

Rolls its shrill Clangor thro' the echoing Sky ;

If, answering hoarse, the fullen *Drum's* big Beat

Does, in dead Notes, the lively Call repeat ;

Bravely at once we break o'er Nature's Bounds,

(Wounds.
Snatch at grim Death, and look, unmov'd, on

Slumb'ring, our Souls lean o'er the trembling *Lute*;
 Softly, we mourn with the complaining *Flute*;
 With the *Violin* laugh at our Foes;
 By turns, with the *Organ* we bear on the Sky,
 Whilst, exulting in Triumph, on Æther we fly,
(Woes.
 Or, falling, groan upon the *Harp*, beneath a Load of
 Each Instrument has magic Pow'r
 To enliven or destroy,
 To sink the Heart, and, in one Hour,
 Entrance our Souls with Joy.
 At ev'ry Touch, we lose our ravish'd Thoughts,
 And Life, it self, in quivering Clings, hangs o'er the
(varied Notes.

VIII.

How does the starting *Treble* raise
 The Mind to rapt'rous Heights;

on several Occasions.

23

It leaves all Nature in Amaze,

And drowns us with Delights.

But, when the Manly, the Majestick *Base*

Appears with awful Grace,

What Solemn Thoughts are in the Mind infus'd?

And how the Spirits rous'd?

In slow-pac'd Triumph, we are led around,

And all the Scene with haughty Pomp is crown'd;

Till Friendly *Tenor* gently flows,

Like sweet, meandring Streams,

And makes an Union, as it goes,

Betwixt the two Extreame.

The blended Parts in *That* agree,

As Waters mingle in the Sea,

And yield a Compound of delightful Melody.

Strange

IX.

Strange is the Force of modulated Sound,
That, like a Torrent, sweeps o'er ev'ry Mound!

It tunes the Heart, at ev'ry Turn;

With ev'ry Moment gives new Passions Birth;

Sometimes we take delight to Mourn;

Sometimes enchanse our Mirth.

It sooths deep Sorrow in the Breast;

It lulls our waking Cares to Rest,

Fate's clouded Brow serenes with Ease,

And makes ev'n Madnefs please.

As much as Man can meaner Arts controul,

It manages his master'd Soul,

The most invet'rate Spleen disarms,

And, like AURELIA, Charms:

AURELIA! dear, distinguish'd Fair!

In whom the Graces center'd are!

Whose

Whose Beauty, Musick in Disguise!

Attracts the gazing Eyes,

Thrills thro' the Soul, like sad *LUI SA's Lines,

And, as it certain Conquest makes, the Savage Soul
(refines.

X.

Musick religious Thoughts inspires,

And kindles bright Poetick Fires;

Fires! such as great † Hillarius raise

Triumphant, in their blaze!

Amid the *vulgar-versifying* Throng

His Genius, with Distinction, show,

And o'er our *popular Metre* lift his Song

High, as the Heav'ns are arch'd o'er Orbs below.

As if the Man was pure Intelligence,

Musick transports him o'er the heights of Sense,

* *Louisa to Abelard.*

† *Aaron Hill, Esq;*

Thro'

Thro' Chinks of Clay the Rays above lets in,
And makes Mortality Divine.

Tho' Reason's Bounds it ne'er defies,

Its Charms elude the Ken

Of heavy, gross-ear'd Men,

Like Mysteries conceal'd from vulgar Eyes,

Others may *that* Distraction call,

Which Musick raises in the Breast, —

To *Me*, 'tis Ecstasy and Triumph all,

The Foretastes of the Raptures of the Blest.

Who knows not this, when *Handell* plays,

And *Senesino* sings?

Our Souls learn Rapture from their Lays,

While rival'd Angels shew amaze,

And drop their Golden Wings.

Still,

XI.

Still, God of Life, entrance my Soul
With such Enthusiastick Joys ;
And, when grim Death, with dire Controul,
My Pleasures in this lower Orb destroys,
Grant this Request, whatever you deny,
For Love I bore to Melody,
That round my Bed, a sacred Choir
Of skilful Masters tune their Voice,
And, without Pain of agonizing Strife,
In Confort with the *Lute* conspire,
To untie the Bands of Life ;
That, dying with the dying Sounds,
My Soul, well tun'd, may rise,
And break o'er all the common Bounds
Of Minds, that grovel here below the Skies.

When

XII

When living die, and dead Men live,
And Order is again to *Chaos* hurl'd,
Thou, Melody, shalt survive
And triumph o'er the Ruins of the World.
A dreadful Trumpet never heard before,
By Angels never blown, till Then,
Thro' all the Regions of the Air shall rear
That Time is now no more :
But Lo ! a different Scene !
Eternity appears,
Like Space unbounded, and untold by Years,
High in the Seat of Happiness Divine
Shall Saints and Angels in full *Chorus* join ;
In various Ways,
Seraphick Lays

The

on several Occasions. 29

The unceasing Jubilee shall crown,
And, whilst Heav'n ecchoes with his Praise,
The Almighty's self shall hear, and look, delighted,
(down.

XIII.

Who would not wish to have the Skill
Of Tuning Instruments at Will ?
Ye Pow'rs, who guide my Actions, tell
Why I, in whom the Seeds of Musick dwell,
Who most its Pow'r and Excellence admire,
Whose very Breast it self's a Lyre,
Was never taught the heav'nly Art
Of modulating Sounds,
And can no more, in Confort, bear a Part
Than the wild *Roe*, that o'er the Mountains bounds
Cou'd I live o'er my Youth again,
(But ah! the Wish how idly Vain!)

Instead

Instead of poor, deluding Rhime,
 Which, like a Syren, murders Time,
 Instead of dull, Scholastic Terms,
 Which made me stare and fancy Charms ;
 With *Gordon's* brave Ambition fir'd,
 Beyond the towering *Alps*, untir'd,
 To tune my Voice I'd roam ;
 Or search the Magazines of Sound,
 Where *Musick's* Treasures lie profound,
 With *Malcolm* here at Home.
Malcolm, the Dear, deserving Man,
 Who taught in Nature's Laws,
 To spread his Country's Glory can
 Practise the Beauties of the Art, and shew its Grounds
 (and Cause.

XIV.

Let others, in their labour'd Verse,
 Divine *Cicilia's* Fame rehearse.

Let

upon several Occasions. 31

Let 'em, unenvy'd, old *Amphion* raise,
Or, with feign'd Tales of *Orpheus*, toil to please.
They, and ten thousand more may vainly sing,
Or sweep the sounding Lyre —

At *Malcolm's* Name, my Juster Muse takes Wing,
And tow'rs sublimely high'r.

He, wond'rous Man! from eyeless Shades of Night
(Where long conceal'd they lay)

The Principles of Musick brings to Light,
And gives immortal Day.

The Mechanism let others know,
And in their Ways excel,

Malcolm to greater Depths can go,
Can all its hidden Charms explain, and all its Mysteries
(tell.

XV.

Hail, happy Friend! with God-like Vertues crown'd,
Skill'd in the Arts and Origine of Sound,
Who

Who grasps in Theory all the heav'nly Springs
 Of Melody, and wakes the silent Strings;
 At once, can gaze the sounding Secrets thro',
 And rival *Cherubs* in the Practice too!

In ev'ry Page of thy great Work, we find
 Criterions of thy Philosophick Mind:

For these, the *Publick* Labours in your Praise —
 But we, blest Few! who, only, know your Lays,
 A double Monument, in Gratitude, must raise.





A N
O D E,
O N
B U C H A N A N.
INSCRIB'D TO
Mr. THOMAS GORDON.



I
B U C H A N A N! venerable Shade!

Immortal, by thy Merits, made!

Dare I, a Modern of inferior Lays,

At distance of Two hundred weakening Years,

VOL. I.

D

Attempt

Attempt the Grandeur of thy Praise,

Or strow thy Urn with Tears ?

Vain Piety ! preposterous Grief !

In Wit's bright Orb, Thou shin'st th'acknowledg'd
(Chief!

And need'st no statelier Monument of Fame,

Than thy own Works, t'immortalize thy Name !

Far hence — I hear thy deathless Genius say —

Far hence, ye Vulgar ; nor prophane my Clay.

Imperfect Praise to Slander is ally'd,

When to uncommon Virtue 'tis apply'd.

The World's united Panegyricks fail,

And, when we think we celebrate, we rail.

Yet, pardoning, smile on an ambitious Muse,

Who, with unwearied Pains,

Revolving o'er thy sacred Strains,

Fires at thy Flame, and by thy Light pursues.

Like

On several Occasions. 35

Like old ELIJAH, drop some Gift of thine,
And, so transfer'd, be half thy Genius mine.
Unelegantly are my Pieces wrought,
How faint the Language! and how low the Thought!
But, when my Fancy's drest out from thy Store,

My Strokes will then be rude no more.

Thus, when the NILE, with its augmented Train,

Sweeps o'er the *Memphian* Plain,

Forms, without Life, the Refuse of the Flood!

Shoot all imperfect, from the teeming Mud,

'Till the Sun's Heat, the Source of genial Day,

Informs the fashion'd Clay.

II.

But, oh, what Breast thy Spirit can contain?

Who cou'd, like Thee, th' inspiring God restrain?

What mounted Bard thy PEGASUS cou'd fit?

Or bear, unstagging, thy vast Load of Wit?

D 2

How

How shall I then, do thy fam'd Memory Right,

By such an offer'd Mite ?

He, who wou'd measure well such vast Renown,

Must have a Thought, extensive, as thy own.

In vain, the advent'rous Bard invokes the Nine —

In vain, he sues for Aid, at PHOEBUS Shrine —

They're Bankrupts all! BUCHANAN broke them
(quite,

And, whosoe'er, henceforth, attempts to write,

Shou'd call on Him, t'inspire with Wit and Skill —

The Stock's his own! He deals it, as he will.

The World, perhaps, to minor Poets may

Some petty Reckonings pay —

At his vast Sum, we stand amaz'd, and cry

Arithmetick can never reach so high!

Yet 'tis some Worth to wonder at his Lays,

And, where we fail to *spe*ak, to *think* his Praise.

Hail

III.

Hail mightiest Genius of the honour'd North!

SCOTIA's prime Minister of Wit!

Renown'd in ev'ry Region for thy Worth!

And, in whose Style, an Angel might have writ!

Thy soaring Mind, with Eagle's Flight,

Wing'd, with undazled Eye, the Realms of Light!

Th'untravel'd Orb thou journeyd'st in thy Thought,

And, to thy World, hast their best Mysteries brought!

What Secret, that the Soul has Pow'r to know,

Too deep for thy Discernment lay?

Angels delighted seem'd, and flew to show

Their kindred Bard the Magazines of Day!

O what celestial Heat thy Genius fir'd,

When heav'nly DAVID shone with all thy Flame!

Envy and Rage confess'd thy Muse inspir'd,

And paid unwilling Honours to thy Name!

So well did'st thou perform that dangerous Part,
 That all, who, wondering, mark'd the Poet's Art,
 Thought him, like DAVID's self, made after God's
 (own Heart!

Who, like BUCHANAN, dares, alone, engage

The pow'rful Vices of his Age?

In manly *Satyr*, nobly skill'd,

No Age, no Quality, he spar'd:

Crimes of no Kind escap'd the faithful Bard!

To Thrones and Altars he pursued and kill'd!

But, when his Muse the *Tragic* Pinions tries,

Behold how near, and yet how strong, he flies!

What moving Sentiments adorn his Page?

How solemn is his Rage?

O, when shall SCOTIA boast a Pen, expert

Like his, th'*Historian's* Talent to exert?

Who

Who shall with equal Genius lengthen on

Th'immortal Work, by Him begun?

Who shall proceed with his *detective* Taste?

And paint the *present* Times, as he describ'd the *Past*?

Is the great Task, O GORDON, left to Thee?

Was is it not Heav'n's Decree,

That Thou, BUCHANAN's Equal — but in Verse —

Our Supplemental Annals should't rehearse?

Well fare the Patriot Genius, who employs

His Industry, to benefit Mankind;

Who builds what Time, or Prejudice, destroys,

And finishes the Work our Sires design'd.

IV.

Our cold and gloomy Realm in Ignorance lay,

'Till, like the Kindler of the Day,

BUCHANAN shone the Shades away.

Rough

Rough were the antient Tracks, 'till He
Mark'd a fair Path to Immortality.
With cautious Secrecy, thro' mystick Veils
Of Allegories dark, and uncouth Tales,
(Which, for the Laiety to doubt, was Sin !)
Poetic Light had long been dimly shown,
And, in dull Hands, was almost Useless grown,
Till He, Defender of the Faith! came in.
The Knots, that they so artfully had ty'd,
And drawn so close, with superstitious Charms,
Disdaining to untie, he dar'd divide
With *Alexander's* Force, and Reason's Arms.
Empty Tradition, and the Cant of Schools,
Vanish'd before his conquering Rules.
The startled Oracles, at once, grew mute,
And own'd him Prophet absolute.

on several Occasions.

41

Hot thro' his Works his Genius glows!

There's Inspiration in his very *Prose*!

Nothing, unpolish'd, has he left behind!

Each Line's a Transcript of his Mind!

His Eloquence, ungloomy, loves to smile,

And strikes in such an apt and easy Style,

That the charm'd Reader yields his captive Heart,

By Force to Reason, and by Choice to Art.

Hence foreign Pens, impartial in his Praise,

Have own'd that ROME was conquer'd by his Lays.

SCOTIA, in Him, the *Roman* Bounds became

In Wit, as well as War!

He prov'd the Clime has Warmth to nourish Fame,

Tho', from the World and Sun divided far!

V.

Tho' the whole classic Store to Him was known,

Whate'er he writ was all his own,

Nor

Nor studied He, like modern Bards to steal,
Nor chose the scatter'd Glare of common Place,
To emulate the Antients was his Zeal —

But he outran them in the Race!

No Numbers, Theme, nor Strain,
Had Pow'r to give him Pain.

Nature sat easy in his flowing Lays,
And Art but serv'd to gild his gather'd Bays,
O how unequal are our vulgar Bards!
Drudges, who sell Opinion for Rewards!

Toiling, they strain'd for all they writ,
Curs'd with a painful Stranguary of Wit!

Or, if they pass a Piece in Haste,

What obvious Want of Taste!

All undigested the crude Metre lies,

And, like a lost Abortive, dies.

BUCHAN

BUCHANAN's Works from no chance Stroke arose;
No shuffled Atoms did his World compose.
Well did he mark, where Wit's Foundation lay,
And, building sure, cou'd fear no swift Decay.
Finding, at best, pretending Poet's Rhimes
Faintly reflect the Shine of antient Times,
He, by the Sun, it self, did guide his Flight,
Nobly disdainful of a borrowed Light.
Fed from this unexhausted Store, his Flame
Must long burn clear, and brighten into Fame.

Such Patriarch Wit asserts the Pow'r

To live, till Time it self's no more!

Legions of scribbling Names, a Nation's Curse!
Shall die, like Men of humble Prose, or worse—
But, when ev'n MILTON's stock of Fame is spent,
BUCHANAN's Works shall keep their own old Rent.

That

That Earth, he honour'd, boasts but equal Date,
And both shall burn, at once, in one effulgent Fate,

VI.

Unhappy We, who, in our native Tongue,

Imprison short-liv'd Song.

Our Buildings, on a sandy Bottom rear'd,

Must soon lie level with the Plain:

Like Leaves of Trees, the Words, that late appear'd

So elegant, so forceful, and endear'd,

Shall fall, ere long ; nor be reviv'd again,

So Life and living Languages agree —

Each, for its Date alone, can hope to be.

Our Spirit lives but while our Language lasts;

Our Fame can be no more, when that decays,

Alas! how soon the boasted Glory wastes!

How fading are our Lays!

BUCHANAN

upon several Occasions. 45

BUCHANAN knew, and shun'd this Rock,

On which poor Moderns split —

The Cause why erring Strangers mock

Our Want of Learning, or of Wit.

His Mind, expanding, grasp'd at all Mankind,

And, for a World's wide Use, his Works design'd.

Now, hence, in ev'ry Realm they're current Coin;

All know, and own the Stamp divine,

And jarring Nations, in his Praises, join.

True, Schismatics — for such in Verse are found,

As in Religion they abound —

Will never cease with empty Rage

To persecute the Worthies of their Age.

Homer by *Momus* was pursu'd,

And *Moevius* hunted after *Maro's* Blood.

What keeps the hoary DENNIS still in Life,

But everlasting Enmity and Strife?

Nor

Nor, Friends, nor Foes, escape his common Lash:

If he gives Quarter, 'tis for Ready-Cash:

But, when unusual Beauties strike his Sight,

They, and their Authors are condemn'd outright,

Condemn'd! — that He may earn a Morfel by't.

O Man of Grin, say, had'st thou never spy'd

The Charms of *Steele*, of *Addison*, and *Pope*,

Woud'st thou not, desperate, long ere now have dy'd

By Fire, or Water, Razor, or by Rope?

BUCHANAN had his Criticks too;

Alive, his Merits fed a Few:

And dead, his Manes struggles with old Fate!

* *Welfed* and *Trap* combine, at least to prate,

But what are vain and unregarded Elves,

Whose Writings die before Themselves?

* See *Welfed's Longinus*, *Trap's Prelectiones Poeticæ*, and *Burman's Preface to his Edition of Buchanan*.

Thou,

Thou, *Burman*, of distinguish'd Worth and Name,
 Woud'st Thou too stab the immortal Poet's Fame?
 How many *Gilders* bought thy venal Pen,
 To preface forth such Calumny and Spleen?
 Hast Thou, at Last, consented to be vile?
 And broke the *Dutch* Alliance with our Isle?

VII.

Accurst Attempt! Endeavour vain!
 BUCHANAN's Character to stain.
 An Antient grown, he soars away,
 Unreach'd by Carrion Birds of Prey,
 And, on their Arts, his Genius looks Disdain.
 He liv'd on Earth, tho' Dangers hem'd him round,
 Till venerable Age his Virtues crown'd;
 Till Nature's Self grew weary to supply
 A Soul, whose Call was so immensely large:

At

At hoary Years she let him die;
And gain'd her wish'd Discharge:
But to recruit her self, and store Mankind;
She seiz'd the Treasure of his Mind,
A Mind! which now; but Piecemeal; she imparts;
Uncapable of all the Sciences and Arts.
So fell the sacred *Sybil*, when her Breast
Of utmost Inspiration was possess'd;
What tho' he boasted not a proud Descent
From Ancestors, already great in Fame?
Nor left an Heir for future Ornament
Of his remember'd Name?
'Tis fit such Worth alone shou'd be
Its own great Founder and Posterity.
Riches and Empire are but empty Things,
Without the Glory Merit brings.

For

For me, I'd rather boast BUCHANAN's Wit,
 Than, like his Pupil, such a Sovereign fit.
 And what Man lives, who wou'd not rather chuse
 Homer's inspiring Muse,
 Than, like *Achilles*, Hero of his Pen,
 Run bravely mad, and murder Men?

VIII.

How has this Poet's Wealth his Country bar'd,
 And left it almost barren, to this Day?
 So vast a Treasure this Engroffer shar'd,
 That from Sixth JAMES's Time,
 SCOTIA has scarce been blest with Rhime!
 So great her Wit's Decay!

Not common Bays our Poet's Temples crown'd,
 When *Hatbornden* and *Sterling* were renown'd;
 When *Aiton*, *Barclay*, *Scot*, and *Johnston* shone;
 When great *Montrose*, and fam'd *Mackenzie*, liv'd;
 VOL. I. E When

When *Lauderdale*, like *Atlas*, stood alone;
And in *Pitcarn's* bright Soul the Muses thriv'd,
Now, *mongrel* Herds the holy Ground prophane,
And crop the Muses sacred Soil, in vain.
We think we soar, while others know we creep,
And wake our selves to make a Thousand sleep.
Small is our Strength, and low our Credit grows,
And, o'er the Land of Verse, *Prosaick* Dullness flows.
'Tis true, that Virtue, fullen and retir'd,
Oft shines alone, and shuns to be admir'd.
She, round her Merit, casts a willing Shade,
And fears to be betray'd.
Hence not a Few, whose Souls are rais'd
Above the vulgar Throng,
Chuse rather to remain, unprais'd,
Than prove their Pow'r in Song.

Thus

on several Occasions. 51

Thus *Graem* and *Murray* shun to please,
And *Scot* and *Bennet* sanctify their Ease.
Thus *Robertson*, with native Fires, may roam,
And *Boyd* and *Stevenson* shine retir'd at Home.

But save us, gracious Heav'n, from those,
Who verify in Prose.

Let no enquiring Strangers judge our Worth,
By what profess'd Poetick *Quacks* bring forth.

IX.

But great BUCHANAN'S Heav'nly Song
Will hallow our *Parnassus* long,
And sanctify, or screen, the tuneful Throng.
Beneath his Umbrage, now a youthful Race
Rises, observant of the Master's Pace.
Divinely fir'd, *Edina's* Sons appear,
And all the Badges of their *Athens* wear,

By the kind Godhead's special Licence, fit
 For the great *Cure* and *Ministry* of Wit.
 Some Souls, compleat by Nature spring Divine,
 Nor wait for Ordination from the Nine;
 Like *Independants*, for no Forms they care,
 And, in their Talent, their Credentials wear.
 BUCHANAN thus, by happy Genius blest,
 Disdain'd to practice as the Muse's *Priest*;
 But boldly *Bishop'd* it in Sacred Song,
 And claim'd the Rev'rence of the wond'ring Throng.
 Like his, my Sons, will your Meridian be!
 The Dawn so bright, what mayn't we hope to see?
 What is not due from Promise of your Youth?
 North-British Muses will outsoar the South.

O let no Energy you boast,

Like a consuming Lamp, be lost.

Keeping

Keeping that fiery Pillar in your Eye,
Improve, appear, and be more blest than I.

X.

Thrice happy Muses, who, by Fortune blest,
Need no Protection from th'unjudging Great!
But sing for Pleasure in a Calm of Rest,
And shame the *Proverb* of the *Poet's Fate*!
If, from above, great God, my Genius came,
If I possess one Spark of heav'nly Flame,
If e'er a Verse of mine had Luck to fit

Arbutnot's Taste, and *Malcom's Ear*,

O keep me from the common Curse of Wit,
And give me some convenient *Canaan* here.
Happy the Bard, who, for the Muse's Sake,

From his dull Country driv'n,
In wiser Lands can Refuge take
As Earnest of a future Heav'n,

A Heav'n! where *Priestly Vengeance* never glows,
 Nor dark Souls enter, all absorpt in Prose.
 There Poets their sad Funerals survive,
 And, in their better Part, are still alive.
 They, and they only, fill the Thrones above!
 No other Souls can suit so well
 The Posts of Harmony and Love,
 Whence Rebel-Angel Poets fell.
 And, when all Vacancies shall be supply'd
 With Bards elect, and next a-Kin
 T'Angelick Forms, who ne'er their God defy'd,
 The Gates of Heav'n, for ever shut, will take no
 (others in.





THE
CHARMS *of* INDOLENCE.

DEDICATED TO
A certain Lazy PEER.



HY Charms, O sacred *Indolence*, I sing,
Droop, yawning Muse, and moult thy
sleepy Wing.

Ye lolling Pow'rs, (if any Powers there be,
Who loll supine) to you I bend my Knee:
O'er my lean Labour, shed a vapoury Breath,
And clog my Numbers, with a Weight, like Death.

E 4

I feel

I feel th'arrested Wheels of Meaning stand:
With Poppy ting'd, see! see! yon waving Wand.
MORPHEUS, I own the Influence of thy Reign;
A drowsy Sloth creeps, cold, thro' every Vein.
Furr'd, like the Muses' Magistrate, I sit,
And nod, superiour, in a Dream of Wit.
Action expires, in Honour of my Lays,
And Mankind snores Encomiums to my Praise.

Hail, holy State of unalarm'd Repose!
Dear Source of honest, and substantial Prose!
Thou blest Assylum of Man's wearied Race!
Nature's dumb Picture, with her solemn Face!
How shall my Pen, untir'd, thy Praise pursue?
O Woe of Living to have ought to do!

'Till the Almighty Fiat waken'd Life,
And wondering *Chaos* rose in untry'd Strife;

'Till

Till Atoms jostled Atoms, in the Deep,
Nature lay careless, in eternal Sleep.
No whisp'ring Hope, no murmuring Wish, possess
A Place, in all th'extended Realms of Rest.
The Seeds of Being, undisturb'd, remain'd,
And Indolence, thro' Space, unbounded, reign'd.
Thence, lordly Sloth, thy high Descent we trace!
The World's less ancient than thy reverend Race!
Antiquity's whole Boast is on thy Side,
That great Foundation of the modern Pride!
Thou wert grown old before the Birth of Man,
And reign'dst before Formation's self began.

From Thee Creation took its new-born Way,
When Infant Nature smil'd on opening Day.
Now, winking, weary of th'oppressive Light,
It longs to be re-hush'd in lulling Night:

For

For each bold Starter from thy pow'rful Reign,
Returns, at Length, thy humble Slave again.

Oh! happy He, who, conscious of thy Sweets,
Safe to thy circling Arms, betimes, retreats.

Rais'd on thy downy Carr, he shuns all Strife,
And lolls along the Thorny Roads of Life.

Indulgent Dreams his slumbering Senses please,
And his numb'd Spirits shrink to central Ease.

Nor Passion's Conflicts his soft Peace infest,
Nor Danger rowzes his unlistening Rest.

Stretch'd in supine Content, afloat, he lies,

And drives down Time's slow Stream, with unfix'd
(Eyes

Lethargic Influence bars th'Approach of Pain,

And Storms blow round him, and grow hoarse, in
(vain

Forgetfulness

Forgetfulness plays, balmy, round his Head,
And Halcyon Fogs hang, lambent, o'er his Bed.

O Sov'reign Sloth! to whom we Quiet owe,
Nature's kind Nurse! soft Couch for weary Woe!
Safe in thy Arms, th'unbusied Slumberer lies,
Lives without Pain, and, without Sighing, dies.
States rise or fall, his Lot is still the same,
For he's above Mischance, who has no Aim.

How curs'd the Man, who still is musing found?
His Mill-Horse Soul forms one eternal Round?
When wiser Beasts lie lost, in needful Rest,
He, Madman! wakes, to war on his own Breast.
Thoughts dash on Thoughts, as Waves on Waves
(increase,
And Storms, of his own raising, wreck his Peace.
Now, like swift Coursers, in the rapid Race,
His Spirits strain for Speed—now, with slow Pace,
The

The sinking Soul, tir'd out, scarce limps along,
Sullen, and sick, with such Extreams of Wrong,
What art thou, Life, if Care corrodes thy Span?
A gnawing Worm! a Bosom-Hell to Man!

If e'er distracting Business proves my Doom,
Thou, Indolence, to my Deliv'rance come.
Distil thy healing Balm, like soft'ning Oil,
And cure th'ignoble Malady of Toil.
Thou, best Physician! can'st the Sulphur find,
That dries this Itch of Action on the Mind.

Malice, and Lust, voracious Birds of Prey,
That out-soar Reason, and our Wishes sway;
Desires' wild Seas, on which the wise are tost,
By Pilot Indolence, are safely crost.
Hush'd in soft Rest, they quiet Captives lie,
And, wanting Nourishment, grow faint and die.

By

on several Occasions. 61

By Thee, O sacred Indolence, the Sons
Of honest LEVI, loll, like lazy Drones:
While tatter'd Hirelings drudge, in saying Pray'r,
Thou tak'st sleek Doctors to thy downy Care.
Well dost thou help, to form the double Chin,
Dilate the Paunch, and raise the reverend Mien.
By Thee, with stolid Discourses they are pleas'd,
That we, with worse, may not be dully teez'd:
A Happiness! that Laymen ought to prize,
Who value Time, and wou'd be counted wise.

From Thee, innumerable Blessings flow!
What *Coffee-man* does not thy Virtues know?
Tobacconists and *News-mongers* revere
Thy lordly Influence, with religious Fear.
Chairs, Coaches, Games, the Glory of a Land,
Are all the Labours of thy lazy Hand.

Th'Excise,

Th' *Excise*, the *Treasury*, strengthen'd, by thy Aid,
Own thy great Use, and Energy, in Trade.
Who does not taste the Pleasures of thy Reign?
Princes, themselves, are Servants in thy Train.

DI O G E N E S, thou venerable Shade?

Thou wert, by Indolence, immortal made:
Thee most I envy of all human Race!
Ev'n in a Tub, thou held'st thy native Grace!
Thy Soul out-soar'd the vulgar Flights of Life,
And look'd abroad, with Scorn, at Noise, and Strife,
To thy hoop'd Palace no bold Business press'd,
No Thought usurp'd the Kingdom of thy Breast.
Thou to high-fated ALEXANDER's Face
Maintain'd'st, that Ease was nobler far than Place:
Th'insulted World before him bow'd the Knee:
Thou sat'st unmov'd, more Conqueror than He.

Scarce,

Scarce, O ye Advocates, for Wit's wild Chase,
Can your long Heads be reconcil'd to Grace!
In drowfy Dulness, deep Devotion dwells,
But searful Care contented Faith expels.
Did ever Indolence produce Despair,
Or, to rash Wishes, prompt th'impatient Heir?
When Murmurings, and Rebellions, shake a State,
Does Love of Rest, or Action, animate?
When did two Sleepers clash in murd'rous War,
Or Love of Ease draw Wranglers to the Bar?
O'er Sea and Land, the World's wide Space surround,
Poize ev'ry Loss, and probe each aking Wound,
Then say which most, or Business, or Repose,
Worries our Lives, and wakes us into Woes?
What first gave Talons to coercive Law?
Small Need to keep the Indolent in Awe!

Hatch'd

Hatch'd we our South-Sea Egg, by Want of Thought?
Are Jobbers airy Arts, in Slumber taught?
What State was ever bubbled out of Sense,
By good, unfear'd, unmeaning, Indolence?
Weigh, and consider, now, which Cause is best,
And, yawning, yield—There's Happiness in Rest.
O how I pity those deluded Fools,
Who drudge their Days out in bewild'ring Schools!
Who, seeking Knowledge, with assiduous Strife,
Lose their long Toil, and make a Hell of Life!
Grasping at Shadows, they but beat the Air,
And cloud the Spirits they attempt to clear.
Jargon of Tongues, perplexive Terms of Art,
And mazy Maxims, but benight the Heart.
No End, no Pause, of painful Search they know,
But, still proceeding, aggrandize their Woe;

Their

On several Occasions. 65

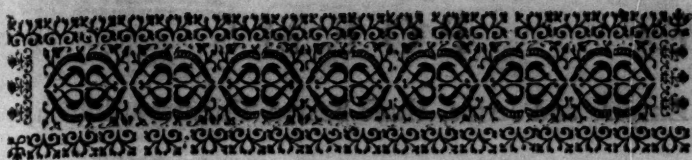
Their Nakedness of Soul with Fig-Leaves hide,
And wrap their conscious Shame in Veils of Pride.
Erring, they toil some shadowy Gleam to find,
And, wand'ring, feel their Way, sublimely blind.
Learning in This, in That Scale, Doubt be laid,
And mark how Pomp is, by plain Truth, outweigh'd.

Hereafter then, ye poring Students, cease,
Nor maze your Minds, nor break your Chain of
(Peace.

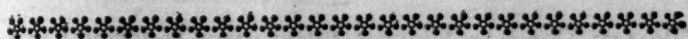
Make Truce with Leisure for awhile, and view
What empty Nothings your Desires pursue.
Remember ADAM's fatal Itch, to know,
Was the first bitter Spring of human Woe.
Think how presumptuous 'tis for breathing Clay,
To tread Heav'n's winding Paths, and lose its Way:
Think what short Limits Understanding boasts,
And shun th'Enticements of her shoaly Coasts.

With SOLOMON, that prudent Sage! and *Me*,
From fruitless Labour set your Spirits free:
Bind up bold Thought, in Slumber's silky Chain,
Since all we act, and all we know, is vain.



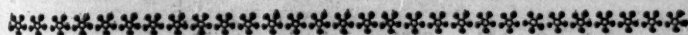


T H E
C U D G E L:
A N
Heroic P O E M.



In SIX CANTO'S.

Inscrib'd to Sir ROBERT MONTGOMERY, Bart.



C A N T O I.



WAKE! Wake! my slumb'ring Muse, and

soar sublime;

No vulgar Subject now demands thy

Rhyme:

F 2

Empire

Empire and Arms, those beaten Themes! disdain,
And dare be Great in an unrival'd Strain!

CUDGEL! a Theme unsung by mortal Bard,
Whose Form, mysterious, claims no mean Regard,
Commands thy Flight, and, partial for thy sake,
Will pay kind Criticks for the Pains they take.

O DENNIS! hoary Judge of measur'd Phrase,
To my Theme's Weight inspire my tow'ring Lays;
Breathe thro' my daring Breast the *Antients'* Flame,
And guide me, by thy Rule and Square, to Fame;
Scornful of trifling *Wits*, I knit my Brow,
And, serious, to thy solemn Grandeur bow;
Do thou my widening Thought, with Judgment,
(store,
And form a Piece original all o'er:
So shall POPE's ravish'd *Locke* its Pride resign,
And HILL's bright *Star* confess a brighter Shine;

CUDGEL,

CUDGEL, alone, shall be the Muse's Care,
And I, even I! th' immortal Laurel wear.

I FEEL! I feel! my swelling Mind possess;
Not such high Raptures heav'd the *Sybil's* Breast,
When, trembling, near the sacred Shrine she trod,
Big with the Dictates of th' inspiring God,
Vast Images are pictur'd on my Brain,
And Words are wanting, Notions to explain;
Thoughts crowd on Thoughts, as *Alps* on *Alps* arise,
And Worlds of Wonder open to my Eyes.

Mount! mount! wild Muse, past Ages wide
(survey,

And draw down CUDGEL to th' incumbent Day;
Tell whence it sprung, its antient Honours show,
Bid wond'ring Nations its Importance know;
Know—and reflect how oft vast Virtues lie
Hid in plain Looks, and shun the proud Man's Eye;

So shall a wholesome Moral crown my Tale,
And raise its Value, tho' it damns its Sale.

Puzzled in mazy Comments, here, I rove—
Facts, of high Consequence, are hard to prove!
Ne'er, with more Warmth, was Subject to's'd on
(Earth,
Than *where* and *whence* our CUDGEL had its Birth,
Poets and *Churchmen*—Criticks in Dispute—
On different Sides, *ascertain* and confute;
The *Reverend*, zealous in the Cause of God,
Maintain it, once, was *Aaron's* budding Rod,
By Miracle preserv'd, a *Hebrew* Sign,
From which the Priesthood draws its Right Divine;
Its Right of Power, our rebel Wills to sway,
And *burn* the Unfaithful, who refuse t'obey.
This—Virulent in Wit—the *Bards* deny,
And dare profanely write, that ~~Priests~~ *Priests* can lye.

Jacob,

Jacob, they say, old *Laban* to outwit,
 Streaking this Stick, the unwary *Patriarch* bit;
 Since when our *Shepherds* us, poor *Flock!* betray —
 (The *Father* of the *Faithful* taught the way!)
 Some hold, who changeful Nature's Depths explore,
 The Staff was perfect Man, in Days of Yore;
 But as, according to a noted * *Sage*,
 Things got new Beings, in a new-born Age,
 Our Man, who some three thousand Years lay dead,
 Came forth a Staff, but with his old-world Head,
 And Heaven this wooden Punishment assign'd,
 For his dull Dryness, when of human Kind.

Clear Truth is ne'er, but on one side, discern'd,
 Yet e'en its Shadow can confound the Learn'd;
 Specious Pretences, oft, the Mind deceive,
 And Readers know not what they shou'd believe.

* Pythagoras.

Let quoting Criticks various Judgments pass,
And Volumes of Authorities amass:
By Revelation's Light, *we* steer our Course,
Nor feel, for differing from the Church, Remorse:
To no *Pope's* Bulls a blind Obedience pay,
But set Things right, the plain, *reforming*, way.

O †Knight, of noble Name! to whose due Praise,
My lab'ring Muse, now, tunes her tow'ring Lays,
Pardon, if I such Wonders not conceal,
But the dark Mysteries of thy Staff reveal:
Do thou, who best can'st vouch what I rehearse,
Forgive, accept, and patronize, my Verse.

In that sweet Month, when genial Earth grows
(warm,
And, bounteous, yields, for ev'ry Sense, a Charm;
When smiling Nature shadows ev'ry Grove,
And ev'ry Meadow spreads a Couch for Love;

Calm

† *Sir R. Montgomery.*

Calm Night, on Care, her silent Balm had shed,
 And, in soft Slumbers, lull'd the pensive Head;
 With his fair Confort, on his Bed, reclin'd,
 Wakeful MONTGOMERY sooth'd his careful Mind;
 By slow Reflexion's Aid, recall'd the Day,
 And, deep revolving its past Actions, lay.

" 'Tis strange, he said, dear Partner of my Thought,

" What lasting Ills a * few short Months have
 (wrought!

" How are the Mighty fal'n? With what Surprise

" Is Gyant Credit sunk to Pigmy Size?

" O Year! that, big in Hope, produc'd such Ill,

" How will thy Wonders *British* Annals fill?

The Charmer sigh'd, and, sighing, stroak'd his Cheek

" Comfort, abroad, you good Men vainly seek;

" Each new-born Day brings on some new Distress,

" And, but to *merit*, is to *miss* Success.

" Happy

* *The Bubbling Season.*

" Happy the Man, who boasts some inmate Charm,

" Whose Love can Fortune's angry Bolts disarm!

" Tho' Stocks are low, and high-rais'd Hopes prove
(vain,

" All Praise to Heaven! some solid Joys remain,

" 'Tis ours, at least, to share Domestic Bliss—

" 'Tis ours—she sigh'd—and prov'd it with a Kiss—

The *Knight*, inspir'd, grew glad, and banish'd Care,
Sought Comfort near at hand—and found it There—

Chear'd by the Lustre of her beamy Eyes,

He mark'd the Moon's pale Orb serenely rise;

Soft, thro' the shiny Glafs, with shadowy Gleam,

A trembling Radiance shot its silvery Stream;

And, 'twixt the inclosing Curtains, struck the Place,

Where grim-ey'd CUDGEL spread its squalid Face;

Starting, the thoughtful *Baronet* look'd on,

And thus, bespoke the Nymph, who near him shone;

" A

" A precious Jewel was, of late, reveal'd,
" Long, in the Head of an old Staff, conceal'd:
" Its humble Owner, of † *Plebeian* Name,
" At once, enrich'd, bids fair for Pride and Fame,
" What, then, have I to hope, wou'd Fortune smile,
" Of Race long noted! o'er this fruitful Isle?
" Mark well—thou Angel-Guardian of my Side,
(With that He seiz'd, and drew the Curtain wide:)
" Mark well—that CUDGEL's most exotick Head,
" Its Cheeks enormous, in vast Convex, spread!
" Why shou'd this be, but to conceal within
" Some Gem—which, if we burst its Brain, we win—
Smiling, the Charmer fought his careful Breast,
And, breathing balmy, lull'd him into Rest.

Scarce had Sleep's filken Fetters bound their Eyes,
When the rous'd CUDGEL, quivering with Surprize,

† *A Coffee-man near Lincoln's-Inn Fields, Anno Dom. 1721.*

Sadly

Sadly revolv'd the dreadful Words it heard,
And its near Fate, with rising Morning, fear'd,
Slowly, with tottering Leaps, and aukward Aim,
To the Beds Foot the one-legg'd Mover came:
Sullen it stood, and looking, glary, round,
Thrice knock'd, with wooden Heel, the trembling
(Ground.
Swift flew ten thousand *Sylpheids* thro' the Air,
From the strange Sight, to skreen their sleeping Care:
Thick, round her lovely Eyes, in hovering Clings,
Swarming, they close, and shade her with their Wings.
CUDGEL, mean while, made desperate, by its Fear,
Up to the *Knight*, leap'd bold, and view'd him near,
Bow'd in stiff Gravity, and crackly Strain,
And three times knock'd his Lip, but knock'd in vain:
Starting, at length, he rais'd his drowsy Head,
And, Warrior, as he was, felt inward Dread.

“ Good

- " Good God! what horrid Thing is This? he cry'd.
" Be calm, the CUDGEL, soberly, reply'd—
" Break not this Angel Sleeper's soft Repose,
" But hear me, gently, my strange Tale disclose:
" Long-wanted Speech your Menace has provok'd,
" And Fear has, almost, my new Accents choak'd.
" Hard the tough Toil! for Tongues so dry as mine,
" To speak like Man's, made glib by moistning
 (Wine
" Yet hear me—and be mov'd to Thoughts of Grace!
" Nor rashly dare to spoil my Reverend Face.
" Tho' my Head swells with promissory Grin,
" There's no material Treasure lodg'd within:
" Yet Wealth, more precious, you possess in me,
" Than the proud Wish of boasted Alchymy!"
" In all the best Saints Names—reply'd the Knight—
" Spirit! or Witch! what art thou?—Ho! a Light,
 " Hush

" Hush, whisper'd CUDGEL, hear my Story out,

“ And if it clear not every dark’ning Doubt,

"Slash me to Pieces—drive me out of Life—

" And mince my Chips with the huge Kitchen-
(Knife.

" But, Master, let not Courage sink to Fear,

" As from my Lips articulate Sounds you hear:

" In Days of Yore, as famous Authors sing,

"The Speech of Trees was thought no wond'rous
(Thing;

‘Beasts, Birds, and Stones, on just Occasions, spoke;

‘ Did not sage BAALIM his poor *A/s* provoke ?

" And can't I, ev'n amongst your human Kind,

"My Kindred-Heads, in countless Millions, find?"

It spoke — the *Knight* Attention gave — but
(what

The CUDGEL told him of its wond'rous Fate,

From

upon several Occasions. 79

From Earth's first Forming, to King *GEORGE's*
(Reign,

Sing Muse, and spare not, in detective Strain:

But here short Respite let the Spirits take,

And, with fresh Vigour, to the Sequel wake.

The End of the First CANTO.

Hiatus ad Finem usque descendus.



T H E

Report of the Committee on the

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THE
JUDGMENT
OF
HERCULES.
A
POEM.



VOL. I.

G

PRE-



THE
JUDGMENT
OF
HERCULES
A
POEM.



Vol. I
G
P R E S



P R E F A C E.



Take the following Verses of the ancient Poet HESIOD, to have been the Foundation, or First Draught, of the famous Herculean Tablature.

Τὴν μὲ γὰρ κακότητα καὶ ἰλασθὲν ἔειν ἐλέσθαι
 Ῥηϊδίως. λείν μὲ οὐδὲς, μέλα δ' ἐγλύδι νάει·
 Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἰδρῶτα θεοὶ περπάροισιν ἐδιδυχαν
 Ἀδωνάτοιο μακρὸς δ' καὶ ὄρθιον οἶμ' ἐπ' αὐτὴν,
 Καὶ τρηκὺς τὸ πρῶτον ἐπὶν δ' εἰς ἄκρον ἵκηται
 Ῥηϊδίη δ' ἠπειτα πέλει, χαλεπή περ ἔσσα.

But PRODICUS is said to have been the first, who made the Story, and told it for the Instruction of the GREEKS. This Philosopher used to travel round the Country in a Cart, to put off his Precepts; as THESPIS did, when he founded the Drama. There was no Pulpit in those Days. Teachers were itinerant,

rant, a Sort of Apostles of their own sending! who endeavoured more to better Men, than to take their Money! Our Mountebanks seem to preserve something of the Form, how little soever of the Power, of this Pagan Goodness. I never see a Quack-Doctor haranguing the Mob from his humble Stage, Chaise, or Ass, but I think of PRODIGUS, THESPIS, HOMER, and other ancient Sages.

“ Sic Canibus Catulos similes, sic Matribus Hædos

“ Noram; sic parvis componere Magna solebam.”

Virg.

‘Tis not material whether HERCULES ever saw, heard, or dream’d of, the Goddesses here described; or whether the Whole is purely a Poetic Fiction; its Moral is the same, and equally instructive. This was the Opinion of one of the wisest and best Heathens that ever liv’d; for XENOPHON tells us, the Divine SOCRATES was so fond of it, that he embellished and recommended the Story to his Athenian Disciples. And I have the Pleasure to see it reviv’d, in a very elegant Manner, by the ingenious Hand of my good old Friend the TATLER. His Penny-papers some time supplied the Place of the ancient Cart, with great Honour: People bought the best Instruction and Entertainment, on easy Terms; and BICKERSTAFF, by the Help of Printing, was saved the Fatigue of travelling abroad in bad Weather.

“ Ne’er

" Ne'er may the SAGE a *Splendid Shilling* want;
 " Nor sigh for *Coach* or *Chariot*, *Chaise* or *Chair*,
 " Or gentle *Pad*, to bear his *gouty* Limbs,
 " Unhurt, as he LANGUNNOR Fields, in Quest
 " Of Air Untainted, traverses sedate,
 " Health to regain! O may his useful Life
 " Softly decay, and happily expire;
 " Leaving behind, among lamenting Crowds,
 " A *Name* and an *Example*, ever dear,
 " And deathless as his *Lucubrations* fam'd!
 " Him, should the Fates permit me to survive,
 " To Song lugubrious shall my wretched Muse
 " Commit BRITANNIA'S Sorrows, and my own.

But not to insist on this Subject (tho' 'tis hard to
 forbear expatiating on a Theme so beloved) I must
 own the Book I took the first Hint and Design of my
 Poem from, is Lord SHAFTESBURY's *Historical*
Draught, or Tablature of the Judgment of HER-
CULES, printed in the third Volume of his CHA-
RACTERISTICKS. That noble and excellent Wri-
 ter has presented us with an admirable Idea of the
 Figures represented in this Fable, Vision, (or what
 you please to call it) of the Ancients. But, as his
 Lordship's Work is of more Use to a Painter than a
 Poet, I could only gather a few Embellishments for
 the descriptive Parts; and was left to my own Ima-
 gination and Invention in the Dialogue or Contrast,

wherein the main Business or Action of the Poem consists. I have endeavoured to fill the Mouths of the Pleaders with proper Arguments; I mean, the best I could think a Pagan would have used, on this Occasion. And, as for the Language and Versification, I own, I love an unaffected Simplicity and Ease, in both. Let some of our noted Bards defend, and delight in, forc'd Expressions, antique Phrases, and sonorous Rants, as much as they please — It shall be always my Way in Writing, to follow Nature; for I am of PETRONIUS ARBITER'S Opinion,

“ Grandis Oratio non turgida,
“ Sed naturali Pulchritudine exfurgit.”

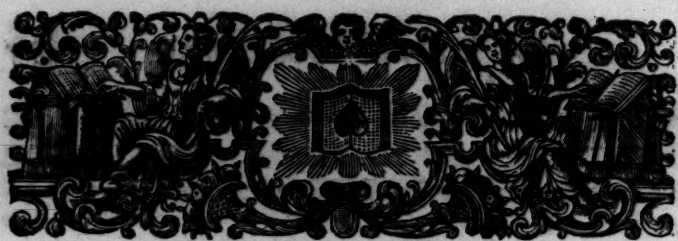
*Every Man, who makes the Muse no more than his Mistress, must think as I do, in this Regard. But, whatever be the Defects of this Performance, I shall still preserve the Pleasure of thinking I meant well in the Undertaking. It was first design'd, and afterwards publish'd, for the Benefit of the British Youth. Some of them, who are, like my Hero, puzzled between Virtue and Pleasure, may be determined to make a right Judgment and Choice, by the Force of Poetry. That there are many in such Circumstances is not to be questioned. CICERO says, “ Illud maxime raturum Genus est eorum, qui aut eccellente ingenii
“ magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque Doctrina, aut utraque Re ornati, Spacium deliberandi
“ habuerunt, quem potissimum vitæ Cursum sequi
“ vellent.”*

“vellent.” *Such are in the fairest Way to be proselyted to Virtue; and the Muse may gain the End, that Priests often pursue, in vain; for as old HERBERT has it,*

“A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies.”

It is not to be expected, that the Converts of Virtue should, like HERCULES, go about with a Club in their Hands, and a Lyon's Skin on their Shoulders, to root out Monsters, and destroy Tyrants: But (as a great Author says) Tho' a Man has not the Abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining Parts of a great Character, he has certainly the Capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate. Whoever becomes such, is, in some Respects, an Hero. 'Twould crown my Muse, to be told I had a Hand in making one. I would glory more in being the Occasion of this real Good to Society, than in receiving, on the Score of Poetry, as much Applause, as ever the World bestowed on HOMER, MARO, and MILTON.

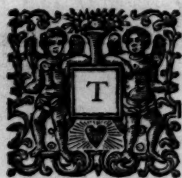




T H E
J U D G M E N T
O F
H E R C U L E S.

Potiores
Herculis ærumnas credat, sævosque Labores,
Et Venere, & Cænis, & Pluma Sardanapali.

Juv. Sat. 10.



HE Conflict youthful HERCULES
endur'd,
While rival Charms his wavering Mind
allur'd;

His great Self-Conquest, and Heroic Choice;

I, first, record in Numbers. Tune my Voice,

URANIA,

URANIA, when I sing in *Virtue's* Praise,
And consecrate to Heav'n my Favourite Lays:
The noble Cause will sanctify the Verse,
And to the Great and Good commend what I rehearse.

In early Times, ere *Fops* and *Beaus* were known,
Or *Vice* and *Folly* had acquir'd Renown;
When every brave, and every honest Mind
Employ'd its Care for Good to human Kind;
Young HERCULES (as ancient *Sages* shew.)
Some time, was dubious what He ought to do.
Labour and *Ease* He had already prov'd;
But neither yet, præ-eminently, lov'd.
Now *This*, now *That*, his various Fancy took,
And still new Charms his Resolution shook.
Reason and *Passion*, struggling for the Sway,
Kept *Care* awake, and chas'd *Repose* away.

Deep

Deep in the Woods was a sequester'd Grove,
 (Fit Scene for *Meditation* and for *Love*.)
 By heavenly *Solitude* and *Silence* blest!
 Where, oft, the wearied H E R O us'd to rest;
 And, oft, collected with religious Strife,
 Muse what shou'd be his future State of Life—
 Whether 'twere best to make a settled Choice
 Of painful *Labours*, or luxuriant *Joy*s.

But, as He thus deliberating lay
 Far in the Grove, where glimmer'd scarce the Day,
 Two female *Figures*, on a Time, to View
 Presented, near the wondering H E R O drew.
 One mov'd majestic, with engaging Grace,
 And natural Beauty dignify'd her Face;
 With dauntless Mien aloft she rear'd her Head,
 And next to manly was the *Virgin's* Tread;

Her

Her Person tall, and noble was her Air;
 Modest her Eyes; and careless hung her Hair;
 Her whole Behaviour, as her Raiment, chaste;
 Tho' serious were her Looks, she made no forward
 The *other*, in her Countenance display'd (Haste,
 A florid Health, with artificial Aid;
 Well was her Face with White and Red adorn'd;
 And, as she mov'd, she shew'd how much she scorn'd;
 Her Mien and Gestures all with Study wrought;
 Each Look the Livery of lascivious Thought!
 What various Colours glorify'd her Dress,
 The more her fair Complexion to express?
 How, on her self, she, first, her Glances cast!
 Then, on Beholders, for their Liking, last!
 And, often, to her Shadow, turn'd her Head,
 To see the mighty Figure that she made!

Struck

Struck with Surprize the youthful H E R O rose,
 And round him loose a L I O N's Hide he throws;
 While this gay V E N U S near his Presence came,
 (Stepping, assur'd, before the bashful *Dame*.)
 And briskly, thus, with Eloquence and Art,
 Prevents her Rival, and allures his Heart.

‘ Hail, Godlike Son of all-begetting J O V E,
 ‘ Design'd for *Greatness*, *Luxury*, and *Love*,
 ‘ My H E R C U L E S! — But do I find you muse
 ‘ What way of Life You chiefly ought to chuse?
 ‘ Is it a *Question*, whether to be blest,
 ‘ Or with a World of Misery distrest?
 ‘ Resolve to follow *Me*. I'll lead you on
 ‘ To Scenes, where Sorrow never yet was known;
 ‘ Where you shall never be alarm'd again
 ‘ With sawcy Noise, Disquietude, and Pain,

‘ Nor

‘ Nor Peace, nor War, shall ever have the Pow’r
‘ To give my HERO’s Mind Veyation more.
‘ Your whole Employment shall be lasting Ease,
‘ To gratify your Senses, as you please.
‘ For sumptuous Tables fill the Rooms of State,
‘ And Beds of Roses your Arrival wait;
‘ Clouds of Perfumes will all around you rise,
‘ And Crowds of Beauties kindle your Surprise;
‘ Comforts of Musick charm your Soul to Rest,
‘ And all *Elysium* ecstasy your Breast!
‘ Come, follow *Me*, my Way of Life embrace,
‘ And I will bring you to the Halcyon Place,
‘ This Region of Delight! this Heav’n of Joy!
‘ Which Care. and Pain, and Business ne’er annoy.”

Amaz’d to view the stately *Form*; and charm’d
With what she said; young HERCULES, disarm’d

Of

Of half his Reason, ask'd the *Lady's* Name,
And almost prov'd to her Temptations tame.

' I'm *Happiness*, she answer'd. All, who know
' My Nature well, this Character bestow:
' But Those, who want to injure me, proclaim
' That *Pleasure* only is my proper Name.

The other *Lady*, now arriv'd, address'd
The youthful *HERO*, and her Plea express'd
In different Manner, as of different Kind,
To win and hold the Conquest of a Mind.

' You are (she said) of Origin divine,
' And Proofs of that Descent already shine,
' O *HERCULES*, in your Behaviour, now,
' Within you does not Love to Virtue glow?
' Do you not daily proper Studies ply?
' And to be worthy such Relation try?

' This

upon *several Occasions.* 95

‘ This makes me hope your Conduct soon may claim,
‘ Both for your *Self* and *Me*, immortal Fame.
‘ But mark, young *HERO*, ere I court your Love,
‘ Or to my Fellowship your Fancy move,
‘ Mark well the plain and honest Things I say,
‘ And this establish’d Truth maturely weigh,
‘ That nothing, truly valuable, can
‘ Be purchas’d without *Pain* and *Toil*, by Man.
‘ *Gratis*, the Gods no real Good bestow;
‘ If you wou’d reap the Harvest, you must plow.
‘ The *Deity*, to procure his Love adore,
‘ And make new Friendships, by obliging more.
‘ First serve your *Country*, if you hope to share
‘ Its Blessings, and the publick Honours wear.
‘ In *War* or *Peace*, as ever you’d excell,
‘ Study the noble Means to make you well,

‘ On

† On these Conditions only, I propose
 † That Happiness, which HEROES all have chose;
 HERCULES pensive and divided was,
 And interested in the puzzling Cause;
 Leaning upon his *Club*, He silent stood,
 Nor cou'd distinguish the sincerest Good.
 Mean while, the *Syren* plies his Heart again,
 Nor labour'd to perplex it more, in vain:
 † ‘ You see, my HERO, *Virtue* has confess'd
 † That all her *Votaries* must be sore distress'd,
 † Before 'tis possible they can be blest'd.
 † How long and difficult the Way *she* moves!
 † How short and easy *mine* to Pleasure proves!
 † Be anxious Care and painful Drudgery far,
 † And all the fickle Fate of boasted War —
 † My blooming Hero better Bliss shall know,
 † Ev'n all the Pleasures *Pleasure* can bestow.

What

On several Occasions. 97

- ‘ What wou’d you more? While Youth and Vigour
(last,
- ‘ Enjoy the Moments; for they fly too fast.
- ‘ Seize the Occasion wisely, while you *may*;
- ‘ And all th’Arrears, so due to Nature, pay.
- ‘ Be various Pleasure all your Soul’s Employ,
- ‘ And every Sense be lost in every Joy.

‘ Alas! (said *Virtue*, with a fideling Glance,
Made up of Pity and Disdain, at once.)

- ‘ What are the mighty Pleasures you propose?
- ‘ Gilded Destruction, and delicious Woes!
- ‘ To eat, before an Appetite is rais’d,
- ‘ Or after craving Hunger is appeas’d;
- ‘ To drink, when not a-thirst; to sleep, untir’d;
- ‘ And hunt for Pleasures Nature ne’er requir’d.
- ‘ Say, have you heard that most delightful Sound
- ‘ Of *Musick*, Praise of Deeds with Glory crown’d?

V o l. I.

H

‘ Praise

- ‘ Praise of one’s Self! — Or have your Eyes beheld
- ‘ An Object, that in beauteous Charms excel’d
- ‘ The Work of one’s own Hands? — *Your* Train,
- ‘ Their Youth in Dreams of Bliss mistaken pass, (alas!
- ‘ Unconscious or unheeding, that Remorse,
- ‘ Anguish and Torment, hoarded up of Course,
- ‘ Will follow on, to persecute old Age,
- ‘ And blast Life’s Evening with Despair and Rage.
- ‘ But, as for *Me*, by GODS and good Men lov’d,
- ‘ Good Men and GODS are both by *Me* approv’d.
- ‘ To *Artizans*, I an Associate am,
- ‘ And Guardian *Parents* my Protection claim.
- ‘ The honest *Servant* has me for a Friend;
- ‘ He seeks my Sanction; I Assistance lend.
- ‘ In true and generous *Friendships* I’ve a Share,
- ‘ And virtuous *Lovers* are my special Care.

upon several Occasions. 99

‘Tis true, my *Votaries* banquet not like *Yours*:
But then they keep their Faculties and Pow’rs.
Delicious, tho’ not costly, are their Meals,
They eat and drink, as Appetite prevails.
Sound are their Slumbers, and their Wakings glad;
Their Minds not troubled, nor their Faces sad.
The young Man, with Delight, his Praises hears
From the wise Lips of those, who are in Years:
And Those in Years, with honest Pleasure, take
The Honours and Respect, which young Men make.
But not to hold a vain Dispute with *You*,
My noble Followers, howsoever few,
By *GODS* are favour’d, to their *Country* dear,
And, after Life, immortal Honours wear.
Impatient, *Pleasure* here renews her Plea,
Fearing her Rival had obtain’d the Sway;

H 2

While

While HERCULES, in pensive, silent Mood,
Still, with his Eyes to Earth projected, stood.

- ‘ What Words, what Arguments shall *Pleasure* ^(chuse?)
- ‘ What Means, to hold her youthful HERO, *use?*
- ‘ Think, Son of JOVE, before it be too late,
- ‘ Think of *her* Followers’ miserable State,
- ‘ Who, seeking Glory with assiduous Strife,
- ‘ Are *disregarded, scorn’d, or starv’d*, in Life.
- ‘ Or, if they feel some secret, hidden Bliss,
- ‘ How poor it is, which none, who want it, miss!
- ‘ I grant, sometimes, they’re talk’d of after Death,
- ‘ After they’ve spent their Stock of painful Breath—
- ‘ But what’s an airy Name? Precarious Joy!
- ‘ Shall HERCULES be bubbled with a Toy,
- ‘ Which, *living*, he can’t grasp, nor, *dead*, enjoy.

“ Present

' Present Possession yields a solid Bliss,
 ' And I, young HERO, can afford you *This*.
 ' If Birds, if Fishes, Beasts, or Fruits, or Flow'rs,
 ' Fountains, or Gardens, Palaces, or Bow'rs,
 ' If Pictures, Turrets, Stones of any Kind,
 ' Silver, or Gold, delight your noble Mind, —
 ' Name but the Thing that *Pleasure* can afford,
 ' Or have them all ! of all the Sovereign Lord!
 ' Substantial are the Pleasures I dispense,
 ' All undisguis'd, and suited to the Sense,
 ' When This my Rival's *Votaries* have found,
 ' How oft with Gladness, have they left her Ground ?
 ' Oft have her boasted *Oracles* turn'd mute,
 ' And own'd my *Love's* Dominion absolute.
 ' For This, *Philosophers* of highest Fame
 ' Make *Me* the Seat of *Happiness* supream.

‘ To my sweet Yoak the Haughty and the Proud,
‘ The Bold, the Braveſt, and the Beſt have bow’d,
‘ Both Men and G o d s confeſs my boundleſs Sway,
‘ And with Delight my ſweet Commands obey.
‘ Or, if an Heart renounces my Decrees,
‘ My Darts and Stings can turn it as I pleaſe,
‘ But *This* is not a Motive to incline,
‘ To my Obedience, ſuch a Soul as thine:
‘ Not *Fear*, but *Love*, my Orator ſhall be,
‘ Thy Self the Judge of my Affairs and Me.
‘ And who by Nature fitter form’d to prove
‘ The Joys of loving, than the Son of J o v e ?
‘ A thouſand *Nymphs* of every Sort and Size,
‘ With Beauties more than ever bleſt thy Eyes,
‘ Shall wait my Darling, in my charming Court,
‘ And crown thy Joys with everlaſting Sport.

‘ Come,

' Come, my young HERO, and alive obtain
 ' The blest *Elysium*, which the Poets feign;
 ' The whole Delights of Fountains, Bow'rs and
 ' Nectar, Ambrosia, and immortal Loves. (Groves,
 ' Near thy soft Walks, which gentlest Gales perfume,
 ' No Tempest, Storm, nor killing Dew shall come.
 ' Laurel and Myrtle, mingled with the Rose
 ' And dropping Woodbine, Arbours shall compose,
 ' Ambitious Flow'rs shall crowd the sacred Ground,
 ' To kiss thy Feet, and court thy Eyes around.
 ' Come, let me lead thee to delicious Bliss,
 ' Where nought annoys, and all you wish for is;
 ' The happy Goal, the Journey's utmost End,
 ' To which the sweating World, and weary Nature
 (tend.

She clos'd; and, careless on the Ground reclin'd,
 By *Looks* and *Actions* still bewitch'd his Mind;

And had prevail'd, if *Virtue's* last Effort
Had not been us'd his Spirit to support.

- ‘ O H E R C U L E S (the honest Goddeſs ſaid)
‘ How weak is *Youth*! how needful *Reason's* Aid!
‘ Thy *Agonies* I ſee, thy *yielding* fear;
‘ How great the Loſs to loſe a Soul ſo dear!
‘ Yet, O beware, and well my Dictates weigh;
‘ Yet turn thy Eyes, and mind what I'm to ſay;
‘ From *Me*, no Hurt, no Danger can proceed;
‘ How can my *artleſs* Arguments miſlead?
‘ Mine are not airy Bleſſings; and I try
‘ No Means ignoble for the Victory.
‘ And, ſure, young Man, if thou art from *Above*,
‘ No baſe, no fordid Arguments can move.
‘ Is there a ſenſual Thing of any Kind,
‘ That can ſupply the Cravings of thy Mind?

‘ Wert

- ‘ Wert thou possess’d of all the Trifles nam’d,
 - ‘ Master of more than ever Tongue proclaim’d,
 - ‘ Say, Dost thou think to be exempt from Care?
 - ‘ Wou’d not that Inmate to thy Breast repair,
 - ‘ And ravage all thy boasted Pleasure there?
 - ‘ Or, with those Gifts were some Delight enjoy’d,
 - ‘ Wou’dst thou not soon be satisfy’d and cloy’d?
 - ‘ Condemn’d eternal Changes to pursue!
 - ‘ Tir’d of the *Old*, and eager of the *New*!
 - ‘ The *New* possess’d, and thy Desires obtain’d,
 - ‘ Wou’d one full Answer of thy Wants be gain’d?
 - ‘ Wou’d no fresh Cravings thy Delights corrode,
 - ‘ And make a *Mortal* of the fancied GOD?
 - ‘ How soon the Tinsel-Rapture wou’d be lost!
 - ‘ The short-liv’d Bliss not worth the Pains it cost!
 - ‘ Besides, young Man, what *Pleasure* can bestow,
 - ‘ Is but a flatt’ring Sound, and specious Show.
- ‘ See’t

- ‘ See’st thou not thro’ the *Syren’s* subtle Ways?
‘ Think’st thou she *means* the mighty Things she says?
‘ Disguis’d within, there lurks a Poison still,
‘ That may thy *Intellectual* Beauties kill:
‘ Sloth, Avarice, and Lust, may soon controul
‘ The noble Pow’rs of thy *Heroic* Soul.
‘ And soon, too soon, but with Repentance late,
‘ Thy Soul may mourn its miserable State;
‘ Condemn’d eternal Pain to undergo,
‘ Rising from sad Variety of Woe.
‘ These, and like Ills, a Life of Pleasure wait;
‘ And She, who would enthrall thee, shews her Hate;
‘ Weigh well the Case; for *Virtue* tells thee true;
‘ And, following *Me*, no Danger can ensue.
‘ I’ll give thee *Wisdom* for thy constant Guide,
‘ *Honour* and *Glory* shall adorn thy Side,
‘ *Bravery*

‘ Bravery make greatest Labours thy Delight,
‘ And *Patience* lessen every Burden’s Weight.
‘ Then what tho’ various Difficulties rise,
‘ Tho’ dreadful *Dragons* shou’d my Son surprize,
‘ Arm’d and assisted thus, He’ll nothing fear,
‘ Acquire Renown, and keep a Conscience clear.
‘ My faithful *Votaries* boast an inward Feast,
‘ A Satisfaction not to be exprest!
‘ A Life of Pleasure, bounded, but refin’d!
‘ A Bliss adapted to th’ immortal Mind!
‘ Nor are they barr’d from Pleasures of the Sense,
‘ Pleasures within right Reason’s sacred Fence:
‘ Confinement is no Slavery, but their Choice;
‘ Lawful Restraint produces honest Joys.
‘ Wake then, and waste not, in inglorious Ease,
‘ Thy noble Spirit, and thy happiest Days.

‘ Prepare

- ‘ Prepare for *Arms*; and vindicate thy *Birth*,
- ‘ By quelling noxious *Monsters* of the Earth,
- ‘ How great to be a *Conqueror* below!
- ‘ And, after Life, a *Demi-God* to grow!
- ‘ Let *Fame* and *Glory* rouze thy youthful Blood,
- ‘ And rate no Joy like that of doing Good.
- ‘ That Part of Bliss is least, which Souls *receive*;
- ‘ The noblest Pleasure springs from what they *give*.
- ‘ Not for *Themselves alone* are H E R O E S born,
- ‘ But meant to benefit and to adorn
- ‘ The human Race, by Deeds deserving Fame.
- ‘ *Society* puts in a righteous Claim.
- ‘ Each generous Deed, for Good of human Kind,
- ‘ Will yield fresh Joy and Vigour to thy Mind.
- ‘ Let certain Danger but appear in Sight,
- ‘ The Slaves of *Pleasure* lose their Courage quite:
- ‘ My

- ' My *Votaries* stronger by Resistance grow,
- ' And their hid Virtues to Advantage show.
- ' Then follow *Me*, your Origin assert,
- ' And every Godlike Quality exert.
- ' O'ercome your Passions, set your Mind at Rest,
- ' Be but your *Self*; be *brave*, and then be *blest*.

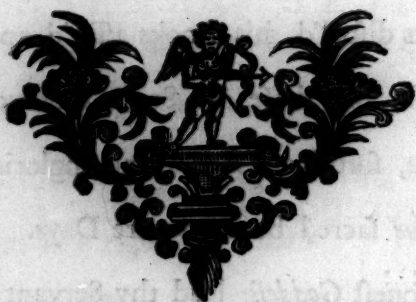
The youthful *HERO*, now by *Reason* taught,
To *Virtue's* Side apparently is wrought.

His Doubts dispel'd, his Looks assur'd appear,
And Words, like these, his Soul's Resolve declare.

- ' Hence, softning *Pleasure* and inglorious Ease—
- ' To *Virtue* sacred be my future Days.
- ' Lead, honest *Goddeſs*, lead thy Servant on:
- ' Under thy Conduct what may not be done?
- ' Aided by *Thee*, all Dangers I'll defy,
- ' Deserve to be a *GOD*, and then ascend the Sky.

Pleasure,

Pleasure, converted to a *Fury*, fled;
While *Virtue* by the Hand her HERO led,
Confirm'd his *Choice*, and fortify'd his Mind
To labour for the Good of human Kind.



JONAH,

J O N A H,

A

POETICAL PARAPHRASE.

Inscrib'd to the

Reverend Mr. *Isaac Watts.*

T O

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To the REVEREND

Mr. *ISAAC WATTS*,

SIR,



NE reason of publishing this Poem, is, because so few modern AUTHORS employ their pens in divine composures; which, of all others, best deserve to be attempted and read: And the only reason of this Dedication, is, to make a publick and thankful acknowledgment of your undeserv'd respect to me, who, at vast distance, endeavour to imitate your Muse.

I own, Sir, the prefixing of your name to any thing, I am capable to perform, can be no considerable compliment, nor a suitable expression of my gratitude, to you: And, after having been so bold, as not to consult you upon a thing, which your modesty wou'd hardly have permitted, I ought to

VOL. I.

I

account

account my self very successful, if (in consideration of my having pass'd over your excellent Qualities in profound silence) you are pleas'd to forgive the freedom I have taken, on this occasion.

As I am extremely tender of giving distaste to you, by a fashionable representation of your merits to your self; so I will not impertinently describe them to the world, that knows you so well. Your own Works praise you: and who has not read your works? While Poetry, sacred to devotion, virtue, and friendship, is duely valued by men, Mr. WATTS' *Horæ Lyricæ*, and his other divine productions, will be favourite books.

As to my self and this performance, I shall only say, that, whatever exceptions may be made against it by the criticks; if it contribute to the great ends of poetry, the advancement of true virtue, and the reformation of mankind; if it may raise an emulation amongst our young poets to attempt divine composures, and help to wipe off the censure, which the numerous labours of the muses are justly charg'd with; if it serve any of these purposes, I shall be satisfy'd, though I gain no reputation by it among those, who read a new poem with no other view, than to pass a judgment upon the abilities of the Author. If you, Sir, accept it, as a testimony of my sincere respect, I shall easily endure the worst, that can be said of it, by another.

It might have been more profitable, had I, like my fellow-AUTHORS, address'd some great, money'd, man, in a fullsom panegyrick, at the head of my

upon several Occasions. 115

my work: Yet, I am sure, it wou'd not have been so honourable for me, who cou'd not, without breach of duty, inscribe it to a different name; nor cou'd my poem have got such a sanction from a patron of less allowed skill, in the heavenly art.

May your God, whom you serve in the known character of a good christian and a good poet, rebuke your tedious indisposition of body, whereby the publick suffers so considerably: And may you long be preserv'd for the common benefit of your country, till a brighter scene of transport and immortality is open'd.

I am,

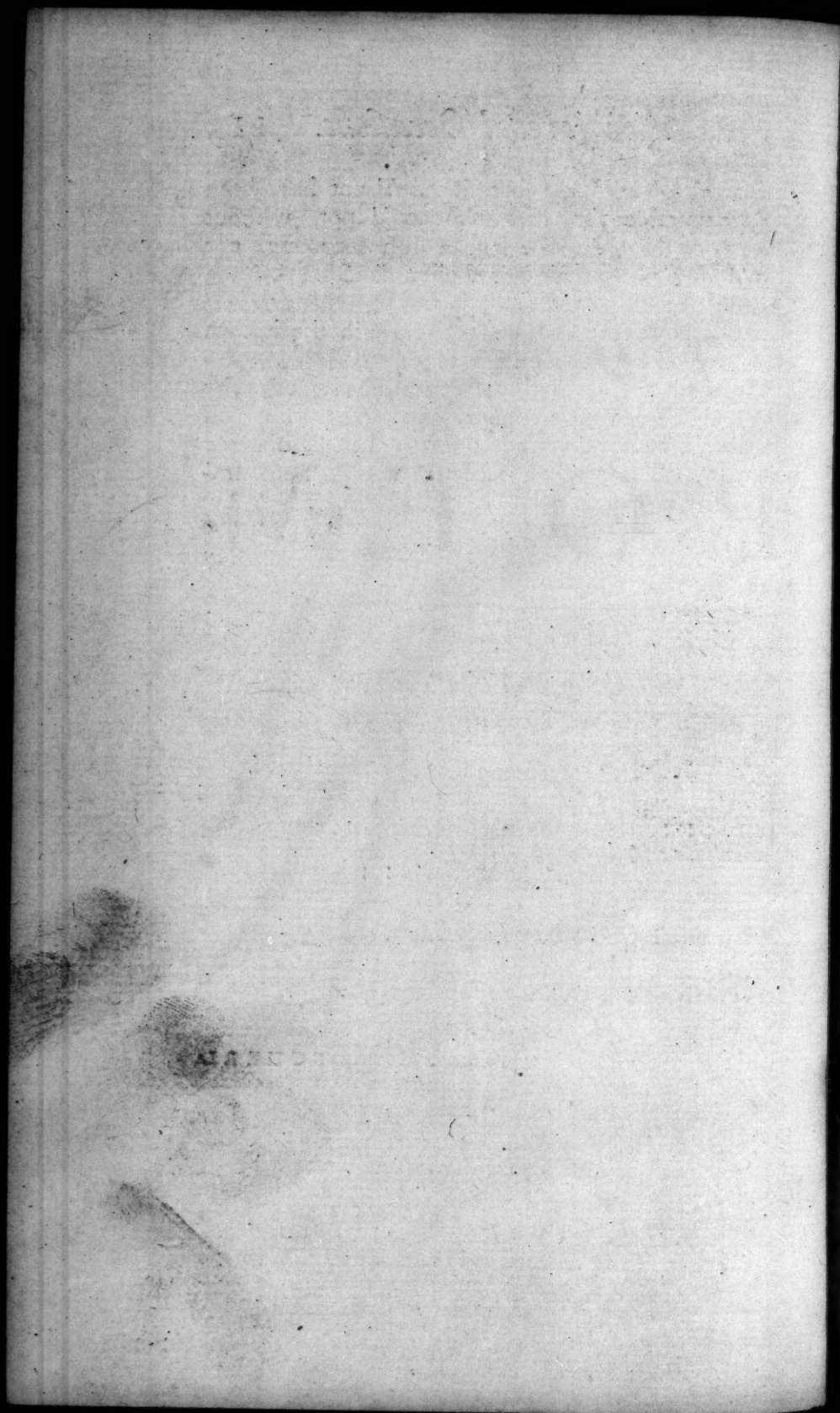
with the greatest Truth and Respect,

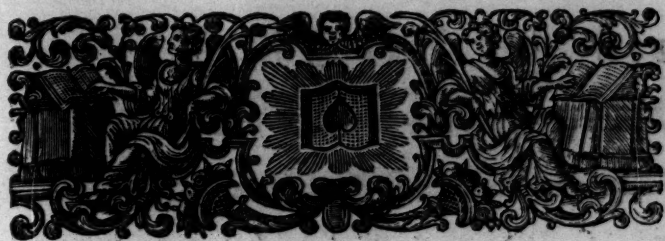
S I R,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

JOSEPH MITCHELL.





J O N A H,
A
P O E M.

Nil Mortale loquor.

Horat.



OW Heav'n, provok'd, an awful
Look assumes,
And human kind to just Destruction
dooms;

What wrests the Thunder from *Jehovah's* hand,

And saves, from Ruin, a rebellious Land;

What reconciles the furious Winds to Peace,
And makes the Waves their fierce Contention cease;
Sing, heav'nly Muse, in thy religious Strains:
The Pleasure will compensate all the Pains.

“ Eternal Spirit, favour the Design,
“ Inspire my Thoughts, and polish ev'ry Line.
“ Where sacred Precepts oft successless prove,
“ Examples, to Advantage shewn, may move.

In early Times, well known to publick Fame,
A City flourish'd, *Nineveh* by Name,
First built, and peopl'd, by *Assyrian* Bands,
That spread their Conquests o'er the eastern Lands.
Armenian Tigris thro' her forc'd a Way,
With Stream majestick, to the *Persian* Sea.
Walls high and broad were rear'd for her Defence,
Full fifty Miles in wide Circumference.

As

As Shrubs are loft beneath the awful Shade
Of tow'ring Trees, she rais'd her lofty Head
O'er neighbouring Towns; at home more rich, and ^{(great!}
Abroad more fam'd for Merchandise, and State!

But, ah, how basely *Men* Dominion use,
And Providence's liberal Gifts abuse?
What dire Effects from Ease and Plenty flow?
And to what Heights does Vice, unpunish'd, grow?
Lust, Rapine, Blood, Idolatry, and Strife,
(The sure Attendants of luxurious Life)
Like Floods, unbounded, pour'd their Forces in,
And *Nineveh* was delug'd o'er with Sin.
What foreign Foes cou'd not, by Force, obtain,
Thro' many a long, and hazardous, Campaign,
Was basely yielded, by themselves, in Peace,
As People grew effeminate by Ease.

Now, losing Sense of Honour, and of Fame,
They reign in Vice, and triumph in their Shame;
Like Brutes undisciplin'd, licentious, rove,
And act whate'er their Fancies most approve.
Here, Adoration to the Stones is paid,
There, guilty Lovers in the Streets are laid,
Riot and Death in ev'ry Corner reign,
And the whole City turn'd a hideous Scene.
Now, nigh an End appears the Day of Grace,
And Judgment ripens to destroy the Place;
On Wings of Wind, the Ministers of Wrath
Equip themselves, to scatter gen'ral Death;
When soothing Mercy thus, for Patience, cry'd,
" Must *Nineveh* be then, at once, destroy'd?
" True, she has sinn'd, and merits dreadful Woe;
" But does Heav'n always treat its Creatures so?
" Thou

“ Thou usest not to punish all alike,
“ And unrelenting, in thy Justice, strike.
“ With those, that better Means have had, than they,
“ Who blindly wander from thy righteous Way,
“ Wilt thou deal kinder? Shall thy Mercy spare
“ Ungrateful Rebels, and be wanting here?
“ Perhaps, were they instructed in thy Law,
“ They’d serve thee better, and stand more in Awe:
“ Or, were they warn’d, before the Woe is sent,
“ They’d hear thy Voice, and, as they hear, repent.
“ O let thy Goodness still its Sway maintain,
“ And prove the Glory of th’Almighty’s Reign.
“ May Mercy, with engaging Charms, arrest
“ Thy Hand, and thence the vengeful Thunder wrest,
Th’ Almighty hearken’d with a gracious Ear,
And had Regard to the prevailing Pray’r;

By

By it o'ercome, aside his Wrath he laid,
And, full of Pity, threat'ning Angels staid.

Then soon to *Jonah*, old *Amittai's* Son,
In *Judab's* Land, was God's Commission known.

" Haste, Prophet, haste to *Nineveh* the great,
" And warn the People of approaching Fate;
" Tell 'em, from me, that, e're the Night and Day
" Twice twenty Times, by turns, assert their Sway,
" Their boasted Numbers, to Destruction doom'd,
" Shall sudden be, like *Sodom's* Sons, consum'd;
" Unless, by speedy Penitence and Pray'r,
" They gain Admittance to our gracious Ear.

The Prophet's Mind a sudden Terror fill'd,
And, thro' his Veins, a trembling Horror thrill'd;
O'er all his Vitals dire Confusion hung,
And falt'ring Accents die upon his Tongue.

His

His Limbs turn feeble, Hairs as Bristles rise,
Pale grows his Face, and Darknefs strikes his Eyes.
This Way and that he turns his thoughtful Mind,
Now loves, now flights, the Purpose he design'd.
Sometimes resolves his Message to perform;
Sometimes he dreads to plunge in such a Storm.
Pensive in Doubt his Way-ward Mind remains,
Till slavish Fear the Government obtains.
The dastard Passion drives him blindly on,
'Till Sense of Shame and Gratitude was gone.
Now he, distracted, makes Attempt to fly,
And hide himself from the omniscient Eye.
Vain Man! to think there was a distant Land
Beyond the Reach of an Almighty Hand:
Or he, who knows the inward Heart of Man,
Does weigh each Word, and ev'ry Action scan,
Cou'd

Cou'd not pursue the Sinner, where he goes,
And overtake him with avenging Woes.

In th' utmost Coasts of *Judah* is a Scene,
Where *Taurus'* Cliffs o'erlook the spacious Main,
That *Dan's* blest'd Off-spring, in their Portion, got,
When *Jacob's* Race did *Canaan* share by Lot.
Hither the flying Prophet came, and found,
Ev'n to his Wish, a Ship for *Cydnus* bound;
Distrusting Heav'n, fought Safety from the Sea,
And hop'd to 'scape the dangerous *Nineveh*.

The Passage hir'd, the shouting Fellow-Train
Their Canvas spread, and launch into the Main,
Assisted by a gentle Gale of Wind,
They skim the Deep, and hope the Port assign'd.

Then from his high *Empyrean* Abode,
In Storms and Tempests down *Jehovah* rode,

A dark

A dark Pavilion o'er the Deep he spread,
And, from the awful Gloom, he, threat'ning, said:
" Does Rebel *Jonah* try t' elude my Sight,
" Or ward my Vengeance, by his speedy Flight?
" Tho' from the Land, where I am known, he flies,
" Hopes he to sculk from my omniscient Eyes?
" And were he safely landed on the Shore,
" Cou'd *Tarsus* hide him from avenging Pow'r?
" But soon, as I confound the spacious Main,
" He'll know that Universal is my Reign.

He said, and sudden from their noisy Cave,
Th' imprison'd Winds, in hasty Tumult, rave.
Thunder and Lightning, with portentous Glare,
Incessant flash, and grumble thro' the Air.
Dread Hurricanes, and raging Tempests, rise,
Embroider the Deep, and dash the distant Skies.

A Gloom of Clouds the Face of Day o'er-spreads,
And wild Confusion fills the oozy Beds.
Now *Alps* of Water bears the Vessel high;
Then, buried in th'Abyſs, ſhe ſeems to lye.
The Sails are torn, the Ropes aſunder break,
The Sides are bruis'd, and ſlipp'ry is the Deck.
A ghastly Paleneſs, in each Face appears,
And Death, portended, aggravates their Fears.
To their deaf Gods the Sailors turn their Eyes,
And tell their Caſe, in diſregarded Cries.
Some, on their Knees, old *Ocean's* Grace implore,
And, to appeaſe him, ſacrifice their Store.
To *Leda's* Sons ſome tell their mournful Tale,
And ſome with *Jove* endeavour to prevail.
Like *Baalani's* Priests, they cry aloud, in vain:
No fancy'd God, or knew, or cur'd, their Pain.

Relentleſs

Relentless Justice heightens still the Storm,
And Ruin stares, in ev'ry frightful Form.

But *Jonah*, harden'd in his dire Offence,
And thoughtless of the Turn of Providence;
Howe'er the Cause of all the threat'ning Woe,
Retir'd alone, and hid himself below.

Asleep, or stun'd, no Dangers cou'd awake
His senseless Mind, 'till thus the Pilot spake;

" Thou Sluggard, who, amidst our common Woes,
" Can'st thus, unmov'd, thy self to Death expose;
" What art thou? Where are all thy Senses gone?
" Ha'st thou no God? Or know'st thou there is one?
" Shake off thy Slumber, and devoutly sue
" For Common Safety to thy self, and Crew.
" Perhaps thy Guardian, for thy Sake, may send
" Relief to thee that may us all befriend.

Thus

Thus he most sluggish was, who most had sinn'd,
And thus a Heathen rouz'd a Prophet's Mind!

Mean while the Sailors hold a hot Debate
About the Cause of their impending Fate.

One reckons Murder is the fatal Spring;
Another Treason 'gainst the State, or King.
But all agreed some impious Wretch was there,
On whose Account, the Gods were so severe:
And all resolv'd to find him out, by Lot,
Whoe'er he was, or whatsoe'er his Fault.

Now, one by one, their trembling Hands advance!
Each was afraid the Lot shou'd prove his Chance.
Each looks with Terror on his Actions past,
And, at the Thoughts of dying, stands aghast.
Each thought the Tempest for his Crimes was sent;
And all look'd pale about the dire Event.

Vain

Vain were their Fears; for *Jonah* was to come,
Jonah! the Cause, the Subject, of the Doom.

The trembling Wretch, no sooner shook the Urn,
Than all their Eyes on him, the guilty, turn.

All, curious, press to learn from whence he came,
What his Condition was, and what his Name.

Conscious of Ill, he feels an inward Smart,
And sad Distraction rages in his Heart.

His outward Form declares his secret Pain;
For Looks, the Language of the Soul explain.

How easy 'tis for Men to murder Fame!
But who can stifle his own Sense of Shame?

The Wretch, that to an abject State is thrown,
Than Mankind's Favour, loses more his own.

There is a Judge in ev'ry human Breast,
The Source of constant Trouble, or of Rest.

This Inmate Friend, or Foe, will still prevail,
And overtake the Sinner under Sail:

Swifter than Wind, it flies where'er he goes,
And bears along a Train of cutting Woes.

No Crime so secret, but it ponders well,
And reprehends with an interior Hell.

This Guest, unseen, now dreadfully appears,
To hollow Rebel thro' the Prophet's Ears.

Prompted by it, he frank Confession made,
And, after Silence was commanded, said;

- “ 'Twou'd be in vain for me, with sly Deceit,
“ To plead not-guilty, and my Cause debate.
“ He, whom the jarring Elements obey,
“ Who governs all Things with despotick Sway,
“ To whom all Nature's open at a View,
“ Wou'd soon my Crime, as now he does, pursue:
“ Favour'd

“ Favour’d as others of that chosen Race,
“ The Seed of *Jacob*, Objects of his Grace,
“ My Lot was cast in *Judah’s* pleasant Land,
“ Where joyn’d I was to a distinguish’d Band,
“ That knows God’s Mind, and bears his high
Command.

“ Long I had dwelt in *Sion’s* holy Hill,
“ And prophesy’d to Men my Master’s Will,
“ When, by Commission, I was charg’d to go,
“ And warn th’ *Affyrians* of approaching Woe.
“ Yet, much distrusting providential Care,
“ I rather chuse to fly, than perish there.
“ Unthinking Wretch! to disobey my God,
“ Since sad Destruction waits his awful Nod;
“ And they, that sin against the clearest Light,
“ Provoke him most t’ exert his vengeful Might.

" Now, here I stand an Object of his Wrath,
" And, for my Sake, you're all expos'd to Death,
" Ye charge the Horrors of the Deep in vain,
" And, to deaf Idol Deities, complain.
" His Word, that turn'd these wat'ry Worlds to (Flame,
" That Flame to Tempest, can alone the Tempest tame.

The Sailors now, with this Account, amaz'd,
All trembling stood, and on each other gaz'd.
A deadly Cold ran shiv'ring to their Hearts,
Thrill'd in their Veins, and froze their inward Parts.
All, for the Prophet, utmost Pity show'd,
And, as they cou'd, the sinking Vessel row'd.
But Winds rage furious, swelling Billows roar,
Clouds clash with Clouds, and Lightnings play the
All Nature wore Confusion in her Face, (more.
And seem'd as jostled from her proper Place.

The

The Luminaries of the Heav'ns were pent,
And Sheets of curling Smoke involv'd the Firmament.

So, when the grim Inhabitants of Hell,
From Realms of Light, for Disobedience, fell,
Nothing was heard around the dreary Coasts,
But fullen Moans and Cries of tortur'd Ghosts:
And nought was seen, but Gleams of sulph'rous Light,
Which join'd the Gloom, and made more dreadful
(Night.

Now Hopes were lost, and all Effays thought vain,
To *Jonah* thus the Sailors turn again.

“ Since by thy Fault (as thou did'st now confess)

“ We labour, helpless, in this dire Distress,

“ Tell, if thou know'st thy pow'rful Deity's Will,

“ How we may best the raging Tempest still;

“ What Means are needful, to appease his Wrath,

“ And save our selves, if possible, from Death.

The Prophet, trembling, made 'em this Reply;

“ T'atone for Guilt, the guilty Soul must die,

“ For me alone hath happ'ned all this Woe:

“ The Storm is mine, not your avenging Foe,

“ Make Haste to plunge me, in the swelling Deep,

“ And all your Cares, and all the Winds, shall sleep,

“ Soon as the Ship of such a Weight is eas'd,

“ A Calm shall spread, and Justice be appeas'd.

Again, the pitying Sailors ply'd their Oars,

With Skill and Strength, to reach the *Tarfian* Shores,

But ceas'd, at length, t'employ a fruitless Care,

And thus to Heav'n address'd their pious Pray'r.

“ O pow'rful Being! of all Gods the best!

“ Regard, we pray, regard our sad Request.

“ Thou know'st, we thirst not for thy Servant's Life,

“ Nor are we prompted by revengeful Strife;

“ We

- " We covet not the Riches he enjoys,
" Nor is his Death our Pleasure, but his Choice.
" Thee, by his Crimes, he has enrag'd; and now
" Thy Justice threatens to inflict the Blow,
" We Instruments are only in thy Hand,
" To execute what Justice does demand.
" Then, from the Guilt of Blood, thy Suppliants save,
" Nor Satisfaction, in thy Fury, crave.

With strange Reluctance, the obedient Crew
Into the Deep the Rebel *Jonah* threw.

Down he descends; and o'er his destin'd Head
The Waters close—he's number'd with the Dead,
But, as he sinks, the Winds retire apace,
No more the Billows ruffle *Ocean's* Face;
The Clouds disperse, the Air appears serene,
And sacred Silence reigns o'er all the Main.

So at the Dawning of our new made World,
When jarring Elements apart were hurl'd,
Rude *Chaos* from his old Dominion fled,
And peaceful Order round its Influence spread.

Now, struck with Wonder, all the Sailors raise
Their grateful Voices to th'Almighty's Praise,
Are taught with humble Reverence to view
His wond'rous Work, and to his Wisdom bow.
No more they vainly pious Tribute bring
To their false Gods, but to th'eternal King.
Him they adore, and beg his friendly Hand,
To guide 'em safe to the long wish'd for Land.

What sudden Change! The Sea is all serene,
And Gladness in each Countenance is seen.
All seize their Oars, and, with elated Minds,
To urge their Haste, invite the willing Winds.

The

The willing Winds the spreading Sail supply,
While from each Side the yielding Waters fly;
Upon the Tide the wanton *Dolphins* play;
And fair in Sight appears the *Tarfian* Bay.

But *Jonah*, whom, of late, no Ship cou'd save,
By Care divine, rests in a living Grave.
With ardent Soul to Heav'n for Help he pray'd,
And Heav'n, in Pity, sent him speedy Aid.
The Word was giv'n, and soon the scaly Herd
Forgot their Hunger, and the Prey rever'd.
Proud to attend the Stranger, all draw near,
'Till their huge King, *Leviathan*, appear,
That, as a Mountain of enormous Size,
Confounds the Deep, and laves the distant Skies,
O'er finny Shoals maintains despotick Reign,
And rolls, in State, thro' the capacious Main.

As

As yawns an Earth-quake, he, at God's Command,
Strange to relate! does his large Jaws expand,
Disclose the hideous Cavern of his Womb,
And there, alive, the trembling Seer entomb.

Now, safe within the monstrous Whale he lies,
And all the Force of Winds, and Waves, defies.
Where Light ne'er enter'd, now he draws his Breath,
And glides serene thro' liquid Paths of Death.

Yet, whilst our Prophet is in Prison hurl'd
Thro' all the Lab'rins of the wat'ry World,
By pow'rful Faith, he overcomes Despair,
And, as from Hell, puts up this pious Pray'r;
" To thee, my God, enthron'd above the Sky,
" From dismal Caverns of the Deep I cry.
" No Floods, no Billows can controul my Mind;
" The Thoughts of Man are ever unconfin'd

" Unwearied,

- " Unwearied, as the active Flames, they move,
" And wander thro' the distant Realms above.
" For me, amidst the Horrors of my Case,
" I'll hope for Mercy, and implore thy Grace.
" While thou can't pardon, tho' thou look'st severe,
" There's Place for Sinner's Hope, as well as Fear.
" Tho' here expell'd, and banish'd from thy Sight,
" By Faith, in my Salvation I'll delight.
" Why shou'd I, helpless, in my Ship-wreck, mourn
" Since Faith a Judge can to a Saviour turn?
" Tho' Darknes round me all her Terrors spread,
" The dreadful Billows bellow o'er my Head,
" And I'm confin'd in Caverns of the Main,
" Amidst my Woes, I'll Faith and Hope maintain.
" Thou, who can't shake the Center, can't controul
" The Rebel Pow'rs of my tumultuous Soul,

— *Refrain*

- " Restrain the wild Disorder of my Blood,
" And save me from the Dangers of the Flood,
" More readily we cannot Mercy plead
" In our Distress, than thou vouchsaf'st thine Aid,
" Soon as I, sinking in the Waters, cry'd,
" Thy great Command o'er-rul'd the booming Tide,
" And sent this huge Leviathan, in Haste,
" To save my Life, ere Remedy was past.
" Could'st thou, when such a guilty Wretch did crave,
" A Miracle perform, his Life to save?
" And shall I fear thou wilt not find a Way,
" To shew me yet the pleasant Light of Day?
" No: thou wilt back an humble Captive bring,
" And make thy Prophet, in Thy Temple, sing.
" I'll trust thy Mercy, whose Almighty Arm
" Has Pow'r to rescue me from ev'ry Harm.

" The

- " The Time will come, when I, for my Release,
" Shall bless my God, with Offerings of Peace,
" When freed from all the Fetters that surround
" And hold me here, as in close Prison, bound,
" I shall again to Men, thy Mind reveal,
" And of thy Pow'r, thy Love, and Goodness, tell.
" It shall be said, thy Arm Deliv'rance wrought,
" And, from th'Abyfs, an humble Suppliant brought.
" Ye blinded Zealots, who in Error stray,
" And to deaf Gods your senseless homage pay,
" Your Vanities with fiery Zeal pursue;
" Whil'st I before th'Eternal's Footstool bow:
" He scorns the Gifts of Riches, and of Art,
" And loves the off'rings of an upright Heart.
" Oh! may I never tempt him, as before,
" But always grateful, as I shou'd, adore;

" By

" By Lip, and Life, his glorious Praises found,
" And spread the Story of his Mercies round.

The Prophet's Suit, with Faith and Fervour join'd,
Soon reach'd his Throne, and sooth'd th'Almighty's
(Mind.

From deepest Dungeons Pray'r can wing its Flight,
And, uncontroll'd, invade the Realms of Light.
As Sun-beams fierce, it scales Heav'n's lofty Walls,
And the high Portals open, when it calls.
Its Pow'r cou'd stop the Chariot of the Sun,
And, to the Flesh, bring back the Spirit gone.

Now, thro' th'Abyss the restless Monster roam'd,
And, flound'ring high, anew the Billows foam'd.
In Spite of Nature's strong and common Laws,
He's forced to expand his wide-devouring Jaws,
And vomit forth, at the Divine Command,
Unhurt, the wond'ring Prophet on the Land.

Thrice

Thrice had the Sun his daily Race renew'd,
E'er *Jonah*, safe, his Fellow Creatures view'd.
A Type of that far greater Bliss to come,
When Man's Redeemer, buried in a Tomb,
Shou'd ride victorious o'er infernal Pow'rs,
Lead Captive Death, and break his Prison Doors!

What can't th'Almighty Pow'r of God perform?
His Word can raise, and sudden calm a Storm.
The Elements from nat'ral Jarrs he keeps,
And makes unfrozen Billows stand in Heaps.
The dreadful Monsters, that infest the Main,
Are all obsequious Subjects of his Reign.
His Word can frustrate Hell's pernicious Ends,
And, out of cruel Foes, make kind protecting Friends.

Wet on the Shore the wond'ring *Jonah* lay,
When soon from Heav'n a Voice forbade his Stay;

“ Haste,

“ Haste, Prophet, haste to *Nineveh* the great,
“ And warn the People of impending Fate;
“ Let thy Experience teach, that, ’twould be vain
“ For thee, unpunish’d, to make Shift again.

Now *Jonah*, fearing God’s Displeasure more
Than he had done the Wrath of Men before,
To *Nineveh* directs his speedy Pace,
Nor stop’d, ’till he had reach’d th’appointed Place,
A Place so spacious, that the circling Sun,
E’re it was travel’d round, might thrice his Journey (run.

Aurora now had just begun to gild
The blushing Skies, and animate the Field,
When *Jonah* enters at the opening Gates,
Nor for a crowded Auditory waits;
But, breaking Silence, boldly thus begins
To threaten Judgments for their crying Sins.

“ Attend,

- “ Attend, ye destin’d Citizens, and hear
“ The dreadful Message I, a Prophet, bear.
“ To you I’m sent by the supreme Command,
“ Of him, whose Scepter governs Sea and Land;
“ Whose steady Ballance does the Mountains sway,
“ Whose reign the wild and barbarous Beasts obey;
“ Around whose Throne, array’d in heavenly State,
“ Myriads of Angels for their Orders wait,
“ In flaming Fire, as on the Wings of Wind,
“ To punish all that with Presumption sinn’d.
“ Thus, o’er *Gomorrab*, ripe for weighty Wrath,
“ At one dread Nod, he spread a gen’ral death.
“ And now, e’re yonder Globe of radiant Light
“ Twice twenty Times dispel the Shades of Night,
“ Great *Nineveh*, whose Crimes for Vengeance cry,
“ In ruinous Heaps, *Gomorrab* like, shall lie.

- “ Impartial Justice, with a Hand severe,
“ No Age, no Sex, no Quality will spare.
“ Riches and Pow’r shall prove a weak Defence
“ Against the Bolts of God’s Omnipotence.

As boldly thus the Prophet cry’d aloud,
The Streets turn’d frequent by the list’ning crowd.
All Sorts of People press, his Words to hear,
And, conscious of their Guilt, the threatned Ven-
(geance fear.

But who the Pain the destin’d Wretches feel,
Without a Sorrow, like their own, can tell?
Uproar and Noise the populous City fill’d,
And, thro’ all Veins, a trembling horror thrill’d.
Some rave with Madness, and confirm’d Despair,
Beat their swollen Breasts, and tear their tatter’d Hair;
Whilst others draw, in still-born Sounds, their Breath,
And shiver at the fearful Thoughts of Death.

All,

All, earnest, turn to Heav'n their melting Eyes,
And plead for Mercy with accented cries.
Distinctions vanish in the common Woe :
All have deserv'd, and strive to ward, the Blow.
The King himself, the Monarch of the East,
Of highest Pomp and Luxury possess,
Whose conquering Arms, to distant Nations spread,
Make Princes slaves, and fill the World with Dread ;
Soon as the fatal Tidings reach'd his Ears,
Begins to think, and stoops to humble Fears,
No more his gilded Royalty displays,
But, clad in Sack-cloth, most devoutly prays.
Low on the Ground he, prostrate, made his Bed,
Conven'd his Council, and, with haste, decreed,
“ That all his People instantly shou'd bend
“ Before th' Almighty, and their Lives amend,

- " No more, in Ways of Error, loosely rove,
" But Converts to the Rules of Virtue prove ;
" Instead of Mirth, with a sincere Design,
" Make publick Vows t'attone the Wrath divine ;
" For many Days, nor Man, nor Beast, shou'd taste
" Their common Fare, but keep a solemn Fast ;
" The costly Robes to Rags of Sack-cloth turn,
" And know no Pleasure, but repent and mourn ;
" That Heav'n, perhaps, might shew a gentle Face,
" And Justice yield to Mercy's milder Grace.

Now *Nineveh* another Scene appears,
Where Laughter reign'd, behold a flood of Tears!
Afflicted all, with penal Sack-cloth clad,
In Ashes, prostrate on the Ground, were laid.
The stubborn Minds, that never bow'd before,
With earnest Vows th' Almighty's Grace implore.

They

They change their Thoughts, their crooked Ways
(amend,

And humbly strive to make their Judge their Friend;

Push the last Effort, to revoke their Doom,

And stop the Judgments, now foretold, to come.

The News of Danger, haughty Sinners shake,

And, at the Sight of Death, the stubborn Atheists
(quake.

Mean while the Prophet leaves the humbl'd Town,

And waits that God shou'd pour his Vengeance down.

Alone he wanders, musing, in the Fields,

And, on a Hill, a simple Lodging builds.

Impatient, oft he turns his gazing Eyes

To *Nineveh*, the hideous Scene of Vice.

Sometimes he looks for Ruin from the Winds;

Sometimes from Angels, (those celestial Minds,

That round the Throne of the Eternal wait,

To bear Salvation, or vindictive Fate.)

But vain his anxious Hopes! to see the Doom,
That he had threat'ned very soon wou'd come ;
For now the Cries of *Nineveh* for Peace,
Prevail with Heav'n, and gain *Jehovah's* Grace,
Mercy, scarce govern'd by eternal Laws,
Exerts its Force, and triumphs in their Cause,
So sweet its Air, so melting are its Charms,
It oft with ease Omnipotence disarms,
Changes his Thoughts, his angry Brow unbends,
And, of a Foe, can make the best of Friends.

The Prophet, as affronted, inly mourn'd,
His Eyes with Fire, his Breast with Fury burn'd.
Honour, a Bubble which he vainly sought,
He fear'd wou'd break, and he be fet at nought,

What art thou, Fame, by Mortals thus desir'd?
With hopes of Thee, all human Minds are fir'd.

Tho'

upon several Occasions. 151

Tho' few can be so miserably blind,
As not to see Thee made of empty Wind.
Like an enchanted Palace in the Air,
Thou mock'st our Grasp, and frustrat'st all our Care.
In vain we strive, whilst Envy has her Stings,
To hold Thee fast, and soar upon thy Wings.
Yet were we of thy chiefest Joys possess'd,
What further Pleasure cou'd inspire our Breast?
What Benefit wou'd from the Bubble grow,
When in the Urn, unconscious, laid below?

The Prophet's Mind, now discompos'd by Care,
Was thus to Heav'n express'd in hasty Pray'r.

" Had I not reason from thy Face to fly,
" And chuse, than be affronted thus, to die?
" Did I not know thou woud'st too soon repent,
" And I shou'd be a lying Prophet, sent ?

" I knew my Errand would at length prove vain,

" And, I return with dire Disgrace again.

" Mercy with Thee's an Attribute below'd,

" By which ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd.

" Now since, as formerly I fear'd, my Fame

" Is, by this Mercy, dash'd with endless Shame,

" What profits Life? O let me rather die,

" Than live on Earth, and suffer Infamy.

" Take from me, take this hated Life away:

" Death is the Debt that I'm prepar'd to pay.

Th' Almighty heard, and thus with Voice of Peace
To *Jonah* spake, and reason'd on his Case.

" 'Tis true, my Prophet, *Nineveh* has sinn'd,

" And Judgments, as thou threatn'd'st, were design'd.

" But, at thy Warning, all the People turn'd,

" And, low in Sack-cloth, their Condition mourn'd;

" The

“ The Conduct of my Providence ador’d,
“ And Mercy, with their earnest Vows, implor’d.
“ Do’st thou then well to chide my sov’reign Grace,
“ And grudge the Good of a repenting Place?
“ Do’st thou in Mischief take a dear Delight?
“ Have I done Wrong, and art thou in the Right?
“ Can Anger help thee? better ’tis to fear,
“ And learn my Dispensations to revere.

 This spoke, to sooth the gloomy Prophet’s mind,
And prove a Shelter from the Sun and Wind,
He gave command, and sudden, round his Head,
A verdant Gourd her shadowing Honours spread.
The Prophet, pleas’d, improv’d the Sent Relief,
Nor, whilst it lasted, more express’d his Grief.
Secure beneath the fragrant Fruit he sat,
To see the Tow’rs of *Ninus* bow to Fate.

But

But at th' approach of next returning Day,
The Plant that sudden sprung, as sudden dy'd away,
Now eastern Winds with blust'ring Fury rise,
Vex all the Air, and agitate the Skies,
The scorching Sun-beams play on *Jonah's* Head,
Exhaust his Blood, and lay him almost dead.
Fainting, he stretch'd his Body on the Ground,
And spoke his Sorrows in a broken Sound.
Weary of Life, he wish'd it had an end,
And begg'd that God would Death immediate send.
Again th' Almighty — does my Servant well,
“ With Rage, for losing of the Gourd, to swell?
The hasty Prophet, thoughtless, made reply;
“ Thou know'st I'm angry, and I wish to die.
“ Have I not cause, when Life a burden grows,
“ To wish for Death, to finish all my Woes?

“ Who

- “ Who cou’d such Treatment patiently endure,
“ And not desire that most effectual Cure ?
“ When Honour’s lost, ’tis a Relief to die :
“ For Death’s a sure retreat from wounding Infamy.
Once more to *Jonah* great *Jehovah* spake ;
“ Do’st thou, my Servant, such compassion take
“ Upon a Gourd, whose Seed thou did’st not sow,
“ Nor wert at costly Pains to make it grow ?
“ Do’st thou, thus fondly, place thy dear delight
“ In what sprung up, and perish’d in a Night ?
“ For a frail Plant cou’d’st thou express such Care,
“ And shou’d not I a pop’lous City spare ?
“ Can’st thou for such a Trifle mourn, and yet
“ Obdurate look upon a sinking State ?
“ Is Mercy strange ? Have I not often sworn,
“ To save the Sinners, that repent and turn ?

“ To

“ To humour thee, and prop thy tott’ring fame,
“ Shall I my wonted Love, and Grace, disclaim ;
“ Upon an humbled People pour my Wrath,
“ And, while they cry for Pardon, stop their Breath?
“ Rash Man! thy wicked Murmuring forbear,
“ And think how good, how glorious, ’tis to spare.
“ Consider *Nineveh’s* prodigious round,
“ In which a World of Innocents is found.
“ If harmless Flocks thy Pity cannot move,
“ (Tho’ ev’n for them I feel my pleading Love.)
“ Can’st thou no Bowels of Compassion find,
“ For tender Babes, that never proudly sinn’d ?
“ Cou’d’st thou see, blended in one common Fate,
“ The Young, the old, the Lowly, and the Great?
“ Behold their Looks, and hear their moving Cries,
“ With unrelenting Heart, and with unmoist’ned eyes?

“ No—

“ No— I shall ne’er the City sacrifice,

“ So chang’d of late, to humour thy Caprice.

Then *Jonah*, struck with sacred Awe, adores
Jehovah’s conduct, and his Grace implores;

No longer for the City’s Safety mourns,

But, into triumph, all his Sorrow turns.

Be rous’d, ye Sinners, and reform betimes,
Ere threat’ned Judgments seize you for your Crimes.

While Mercy courts you with engaging Charms,

Without delay embrace the offer’d Terms.

Ere long (perhaps, while ye are slumb’ring) Death,

In dreadful Pomp, may lead the Way to Wrath.

All Help, and Hope, for ever disappear,

When Justice comes, your trembling Souls to tear.

O! may the guilty Nations soon repent,
Before the Shafts of heav’nly Rage are sent.

Already

Already Justice mounts an awful Throne,
 Prepar'd to hurl the Bolts of Vengeance down.
 Thro' ev'ry Land are heard the dire Alarms:
 The Hosts of Heav'n seem all to be in Arms.
 Mercy and Grace arrest the Thunder now,
 But cannot long divert the threat'ned Blow.

Thou, WATTS, whose Pray'r can threat'ned Woe
 (suspend,
 Live long an intercessor, as a Friend.
 Shou'dst thou, offended at our Crimes, retire,
 To thy own Seat, in the celestial Quire;
 Unless, *Elijah* like, thou leav'st behind
 The pow'rful Graces of thy God-like Mind;
 Soon wou'd our Sins draw Vengeance from the Sky,
 And *Britain's* boasted State in Ruin lie.



PSALM



PSALM the 139th.

I.

TO thee, omniscient Being, I appeal ;
For 'twou'd be vain my Actions to conceal,

From thine all-searching Eye !

The Works thy pow'rful Hands have wrought,

In thy Immensity of Thought,

For ever open lie.

My rising up, and lying down,

My very Thoughts to Thee are known !

Known, 'ere their Schemes are model'd in my Mind,

Before I can their Form and Likeness find.

Thy

Thy piercing Knowledge scans the whole Machine
And views the *Embryo's* of my Heart within.

Which way foe'er I turn my self about,

Thy Godhead finds me out !

Where'er I go, thou my Companion art !

Trace I the Valley, Wood, or Hill,

I cannot from Omniscience start :

Thou look'st Creation thro', and see'st me still !

Go I in publick, Thou art there !

In solitude, I'm ne'er alone !

My Bed is guarded by thy Care !

And all my secret Whispers reach thy Throne !

Such Knowledge is too great for Man !

'Tis Mystery all ! who comprehend it can ?

It is a Depth, that swallows up my Mind !

And, like thy Self, immense to all Mankind !

Ev'n

On several Occasions. 161

Ev'n they, who think they understand it most,
Bewilder'd are, and lost!

II.

Cou'd I so foolish, so perfidious, prove,
To think of once deserting God?
O whether cou'd my Fancy mean to rove,
Where Omnipresence keeps no fix'd Abode?

Whether, ah! whether cou'd I run
Thy universal Influences to shun?

To what Retirement cou'd I fly,
T' elude thy comprehensive Eye?
If to the Regions of eternal Day

I take my hasty flight,
There, dazzled with immediate Beams of Light,

I durst not make a Stay,
But downward seek my safer Way.

VOL. I.

M

Then,

Then, shou'd I to th' Abyfs of Hell
For certain Refuge go,
Ev'n there almighty Terrors dwell,
And nourish never-ending Woe.
Unable there my residence to hold,
If, next, the Wings of Light I take,
And, with a Spirit, curiously bold,
Of some strange Land a new Discovery make,
Thy swifter Pow'r would first arrive,
And there arrest the Fugitive.
Beneath the cold, or burning Zone,
No Spot remains to Providence unknown!
O hide me, hide me, Shades of Night!
Thick Darknefs is a solid Screen.
Vain Wish! one glance of piercing Light,
Can cut the Veil, and make the Sinner seen.

Nor

Nor need'st thou use our Medium of Day,
Thro' Night's Disguise to clear a Way!
Enthron'd in Light, thy Self its sacred Spring,
Thou, with one undivided View,
Uncover'st Darkness' closest Wing,
And look'st its Horrors thro'.

III.

Thine are the Springs, that Life and Motion give!
By thee alone, I move and live!
Long, ere my earliest Rudiments of Thought
Were found within my Mind,
Thou laid'st the Plan of me, now wrought
Into the Likeness of Mankind.
Berimes, I grew the Object of thy Care!
Each single Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By thee, was fashion'd in the Womb,

And curious was my whole Provision there!

Each Feature, Ligament, and Vein,

The very texture of my Heart,

Were Subjects of almighty Art.

Well do'st thou know whatever I contain,

And well thou can'st th' Anatomy explain.

But whether tends this Care divine?

Why all this waste upon my poor Machine?

" My Wonder, and my Gratitude to raise.

Yes, while I live, with deep amaze,

I'll wonder at thy Works, and sing thy Praise.

Let me into my self retire,

I cannot want Materials for my Song:

Reflection will the Muse inspire,

Awake my Harp, and tune my Lyre,

And drop melodious Homage from my Tongue.

Thy

on several Occasions. 165

Thy Providence, thy Thoughts of Love,
Which, since the Maze of Life I trod,
In spite of all my Wanderings, gracious prove,
Increase my Wonder, and my Debt to God.
When shall my poor Acknowledgments be done?
When shall I pay the Debt I owe?
Each Day, in more Arrears I run!
So high my great Account does grow,
That ev'n reviving seems but new begun!



ISAIAH, *Chapter* 13.

SEE! Heav'n's dread Banners, waving in the Air,
And Signals, scatter'd o'er the hilly Ground,
Shew the approach of Vengeance. Hark! the Noise
Makes Mountains tremble, and the Vales return,
In

In shuddering Sounds, the Weight and Din of War,
The stable Rocks confess, with hideous groan,
The Burden of a God; whose awful Call
Summons the Nations, far disjoyn'd, together;
And, round his Standard, congregates the Pow'rs
Of Heav'n, embattled. Lo! the Day is come!
Awake, O Land, and view Disasters near.
See Terrors spread, and Ruin stalks abroad.
Already, Fear and Trembling seize the Crowd.
All Hands hang down, and Visages grow pale,
And, thro' each Soul, convulsive Horrors start,
No wonder: 'tis th' Omnipotent, who comes,
Array'd with Glory, and begirt with Strength.
He comes revengeful. Prodigies prepare
His dreadful March: and Wrath around displays
Its fatal Signs, to rouse the slumb'ring World.

What

upon several Occasions. 167

What Thunders roar to charge the destin'd Foe?

What Arrows thirst for human Gore? See! lightnings

Flash, in the Van! and Troops of Death stalk horrid

In the destructive Rear! All Nature stands astonished,

And broad Creation seeks to shun the Fright.

How Earth's Foundation quakes? what dire Con-

vulsions

Reach Heav'ns high Arch? ha! sudden Night o'er-

spreads

The starry Frame, the Planets skulk in Clouds,

The Sun, amaz'd, at Dawn of Day, retires

To Shades, Below Distraction reigns around,

And wild Confusion rules the azure Space.

Go forth (says God) thou executing Sword,

Ye various Instruments of Ruin, fly,

And punish this rebellious Land. Allow

No Quarter, nor compound with impious Man.

M 4

Against

Against my Foes my Indignation burns,
And, on their Land, my Vengeance points its course,
Treasures of Fury, and Reserves of Wrath,
Grown ripe with Age, shall pour, at once, their Force
Collected on this Country. In a Deluge
Of purple Dye, I'll bathe the Vales around,
And melt the Mountains with the People's Blood.
The haughty Chiefs shall seek, in vain to hide
Their destin'd Heads: and, with *Plebeian* Clay,
Shall royal carnage mix. He, who before did spurn
My Grace and Bounty, low in Dust, shall howl
Beneath my Might, and with Release, in vain,
So desolate I'll lay this sinful Realm,
That savage Brutes, at sight of human Faces,
Shall gaze, as Men at Prodigies, affrighted.

For now the Day, the great, tremendous, Day,
Big with the Fate of *Babylon*, is come.

The

The Time is come, when God will pay th' Arrears
Of Judgment, due to Sinners. It comes on

Adorn'd with all the Images of Horror,

The Heav'ns, afraid, forsake their Place: and Earth

Shakes to its Center, and th' Almighty shuns,

While, brandish'd, in his red right Hand, the Sword

Of Vengeance glares. Lo! Now the radiant Spoiler

Fierce, urges on, and lays the Country waste.

Where'er his Course the angry Victor bends,

Ruin, in all its horrid Forms, pursues.

• No Age, no Sex, no different Rank, or State,

From common Ravage and Destruction freed,

Escapes the pointed Mischiefe. Pow'rs ally'd,

Partake the People's Fate. Promiscuous, all

Mix in the Carnage, as in Sin combin'd.

Mark! how th' insulting Conquerors march on,

With Lust and Rage, inspir'd, What Blood, what Rapes
Cry

Cry horrible to unrelenting Actors ?
How is the Fruit of the maternal Womb
Blasted in Blossom ? What sharp Pangs are felt
By tender Mothers ? How the Infants draw
Their Breath in Torture ; and, at Dawn of Life,
Sink in eternal Death ? They see the Light,
And, as they see, expire ! afflictive Scene !

Behold the *Medes*, a formidable Race !
Hasten to spoil. See ! how, in dread Array,
Their Legions stretch along contiguous Lands !
They move in Triumph, and exult in Strength,
What Schemes of Death, in ev'ry Soldier's Thought,
Are deep revolv'd ? Their generous Souls condemn
The *Persian* Luxury and Wealth. Dauntless they march
To execute th' Almighty's Will. Where'er they move,
The destin'd Foes must yield. Idly, they scorn
To bend the Bow. On every Dart, the Stings

Of

on several Occasions. 171

Of Death attend. No Quarter they allow,
And none in pity spare. All share the Fate
Of bloody War, and desert turns the Land.

And thou, O *Babylon*, the great! the proud!
Think not to 'scape. Tho' now the boasted Head
Of the *Chaldean* Glory, thou shalt fall.

No more shall Nations bend before thy Throne,
No more shall tribute humbly wait thy Nod.
Low on the Ground, thy tow'ring Pomp shall lye,
And deep in ruin shalt thou hide thy Head.

The stately Walls, which now, with impious Height,
Conceal the Clouds from human Eye, shall sink
Abject in Earth. The glorious piles, that spread
Lustre around, and rival Stars, shall waste
In all-devouring Flames. Nor shall Mankind
Repair thy ruin'd Domes, thy Walls, destroy'd;
No pitying Hand exalt thy humbled State.

To

To all succeeding Times thou must remain
An exemplary Scene of Woe : for ever lie
As curst *Gomorrah*, that, with Vengeance due,
Was burnt in Fires, for far less burning Lust.

The Day's at Hand, when on thy fruitful Soil,
The Product of their Labour none shall reap.
His Tent the wand'ring *Arab* will not spread,
Nor make thy Ground his Place of Rest. Tho' faint
With travel, he will scare his Herd
From thy embitter'd Flood. The careful Shepherd
Will warn his roaming Flocks from thy Remains,
As o'er thy ruin'd Battlements they stray,
Or in thy lowly Tow'rs attempt to graze,
Strangers shall say, ah ! where is *Babylon* ?
And when they find where once thou wert, they'll cry
Let's shun this Place, for 'tis accursed Ground.
No human kind thy Wilderness shall bless.
Nought,

Nought, but the savage Beasts, and Birds of Prey,
Shall fix their hideous Habitation there.

To them ungrateful Men shall quit their Seat.

To them, thy Marble Roofs, and Cedar Rooms,

Shall then be Dens. Thy Courts of Justice then

Shall be their Haunts of State. There shall they plod

For Blood, where Tyrants bore their Spoils of old.

There in wild Harmony shall they convene,

And triumph, in their Turn; more innocent

Than Men had been, who govern'd there before.

How will the mournful Satyrs there bemoan,

And Ghosts glide horrible along thy Ruins,

To view where their unburied Bodies lay?

There shall the Owls and Dragons load the Air,

And strike the Trav'ler's Ear with dismal Sound.

All the obscener Birds of dusky Night

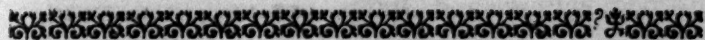
Will there resort, and hide themselves from Day.

Vora-

Voracious Monsters there shall find repose,
And hooping Horrors make the Place more baleful.
Forboding Fowls and Ghosts, confus'd, shall dwell,
And speak their dire Prefages on the Walls,
With Earth laid level. This, O *Babylon*,
Is thy just Doom, the Punishment of Guilt.
Thus will th' Almighty, patient long, exert
At last his Vengeance on an impious Race,
Who scorn'd his Warnings, and refus'd his Grace.

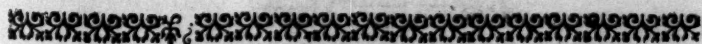


T H E



T H E
DOLEFUL SWAINS:
A
PASTORAL POEM:

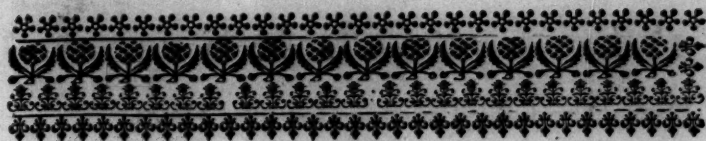
Written Originally in the SCOTCH DIALECT, with
an ENGLISH VERSION.



DOLEFUL SWAINS

PASTORAL POEM

Written originally in the German Dialect, with
an English Version



A
FAMILIAR EPISTLE,
TO

Major *Richardson Pack*,

With the following

PASTORAL.

WHILE You, dear *Pack*, for Court and
Camp prepar'd,

With equal Skill an Hero and a Bard !

Advent'rous thro' the crowded Alley prefs,

With Pains unwearied and deserv'd Success ;

From the sweet Scene I live alas ! afar,

At *Jauncy's Angel* without *Temple Bar*,

VOL. I.

N

Destin'd

THE
PASTORAL POEM

DOLEFUL SWAINSE

A

PASTORAL POEM

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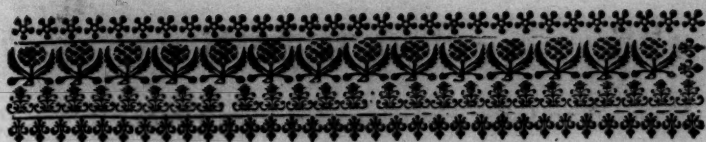
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VOL. I.

N

Destin'd

Destin'd to suffer Pennance for my Crimes,
By Jobbing only thro' a Maze of Rhimes:
A fruitless Game! A Game that none shou'd chuse,
Who wants a Coach, although he has a Muse.

Yet, Pardon, Sir, the Rudeness of a Friend,
His rural Lays at such a Time to send:
A Time, when nought shou'd be receiv'd or sent,
But Transfers, Permits, Bills, and Money lent:
And, when from Alley-Avocations free,
You leisure have to think of Verse and me,
(At least when driving homewards *Debonair*,
In *London* Chariot, or *Parisian* Chair.)
Deign to peruse 'em with a gracious Eye —
But hide, O hide the Blunders you descry:
For as your Approbation is my Fame,
The Town will damn my Labours, if You blame.

August 2, 1720.

ADVER.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is hereby acquainted,
That the English Version of this
PASTORAL was not intended to be a li-
teral One; and the Author believes it wou'd
have puzzled him to have made it such:
So hard it is to do Justice to an Original
in any Language!

*NB. BELLAIR, being a Scholar and a Gentleman,
talks better English than the Clowns in Caledo-
dia; which even Criticks will allow.*



T H E
DOLEFUL SWAINS:

A
Pastoral Poem, &c.



ELLAIR, a Lad, wha spent a hantil
time,

In hunting Hares, and making gentle
Rhime ;

Three Shepherds fand fu waefu and forlorn,
Streek'd a' their length beneath a spreading Thorn.
He speir'd their ailment wi' a melting Heart,
And said he'd strive to cure their cutting Smart ;

Their



THE
DOLEFUL SWAINS:

A
Pastoral Poem, &c.



ELLAIR, a Youth of the Poetick
Train,

Was sporting on the *Caledonian* Plain;

Where, underneath a cooling Shade he found,

Three mournful Shepherds lying on the Ground.

Dispos'd t'afford 'em all some kind Relief,

He ask'd the Cause of their invet'rate Grief;

N 3

Who

*Their cutting smart wi' willing Minds they sung,
In nat'ral Numbers and their Mother Tongue.*

WILLIE.

*Alas! quo Willie, gen ye kend my care,
Your Heart wi' Grief I'm sure wead e'en be Sair.
Bessie, my Laff, God kens how wiel I loo'd,
How aft I kist her, and how lang I woo'd,
Has gi'en me o'er, and run awa' wi' Tam.*

DAVIE.

*What's that, quo Davie, to my dainty Lamb?
A Lamb, the best of a' my feckless Flock,
Was worried yonder on a waefu Rock.*

MUNGO.

*What silly stuff dings down the Hearts o' some?
A gritter matter gars me greet and gloom.
Our Laird, shame fa' his chafts! wad no forbear,
'Till he had fleetch'd awa' my pickle geer.*

He

upon several Occasions. 183

Who thus by turns, with Emulation sung
Their diff'rent Ailments, in their native Tongue.

WILLIAM.

Alas! quoth *William*, if my Grief you knew,
With Sympathy you'd be distracted too.
Betty, the Sweet, the Beautiful, the Young,
By me, alas! lov'd, kiss'd, and courted long,
Has play'd the Jilt, and join'd another Swain.

DAVID.

What's that, quoth *David*, to my mighty Pain?
A Lamb, the Pride of all my little Flock,
Was worried yonder on a rugged Rock.

MUNGO.

How little Cause have some to be perplex'd?
My Mind hath greater Reason to be vex'd.
My Landlord, plague consume his fawning Tongue!
Pled, 'till I parted with my Money, long,

N 4

He

*He gard me trow he'd put it in the Stocks,
 And I thro' means o' some sly brokeing Fox,
 Wad soon grow rich and be a Laird my sell;
 Bat a' is lost, and I hae ne'er a Doyt to tell.*

WILLIE.

*I wonder, Sirs, to see ye hae the Face,
 To ev'n your Trifles to my bonny Lass!
 Wha use wi' Lambs or Siller to compare,
 A precious Saul? —*

DAVID.

*Refer it to Bellair,
 Gen ye for Bess, or Mungo for his Gowd,
 Hae haff sae muckle reason to be dow'd.*

MUNGO.

*Sae be it — let Bellair the Case decide,
 For he's a Scholard, yet withouten Pride.*

But

He swore, if I wou'd put it in the Stocks,
That some kind Broker, cunning as a Fox,
Wou'd soon improve it to a large Estate,
But all is lost, and I must curse my Fate.

WILLIAM.

I wonder, Sirs, to see you have a Face,
To equal Trifles to a lovely Lass!
None use with Lambs or Money to compare,
A precious Soul. —

DAVID.

Refer it to *Bellair*.

Whether his Mistress, or your Money lost,
Or I for my dead Lamb-kin suffer most.

MUNGO.

So be it — let *Bellair* the Case decide,
For he's a Scholar, and yet has no Pride.

But

*But furst let ilk some futby Wager lay,
That be my get a Prize wha wins the Day,
I, for my part, will stake my branded Ox,
I suffer maißt, wha loßt my Gowd in Stocks.*

WILLIE.

*And I will pand this Ring down in his loof,
He will decide the Case in my behoof;
'Tis a' the Gift that e'er my Bessy gae,
I wad na loßt for a' the Nowt ye hae.*

DAVIE.

*I hae nae Ox nor Ring indeed to stake,
But a' I hae ye sall hae leave to take;
Gen I the Wager loß—sae sure I am,
My loß is maißt, wha loßt a dainty Lamb.*

BELLAIR.

*Your kindness moves me, Shepherds, for your sake,
Gratefu, whate'er I can to undertake.*

But

on several Occasions. 187

But first, let each some worthy Wager lay,
That he who wins may bear a Prize away.
I for my Part will stake my ruddy Ox,
I suffer most by putting Gold in Stocks.

WILLIAM.

And I this Ring will pledge whene'er you please,
In my behalf, he will decide the Case.
'Tis all the Gift that e'er my *Betty* gave,
More priz'd by me than all the Herds you have.

DAVID.

I have nor Ox, nor Ring indeed to stake,
But all my Goods ye shall have leave to take,
If I the Dispute lose, — so sure I am,
My Loss is greatest who have lost a Lamb.

BELLAIR.

Your kindness moves me, Shepherds, for your sake,
Grateful whate'er I can to undertake.

But

*But first, as Judge, 'tis requisite I know
The Aggravations of your various Woe;
Before I can impartial Sentence pass, —*

WILLIE.

*Let me speak first, wha lost a bonny Lass:
The grittest Cause shou'd first of a' be heard,
And the best Singer hae the best Reward,*

BELLAIR.

*Let Mungo first rehearse his mournful Tale,
(For Bubbles more than Lasses now prevail.)
You next, and David last of all reply, —
The Muses love alternate Melody;
And as a Premium for the Shepherd's Pains,
Who best resembles * Ramsay's rural Strains;
In † Burchet's Name, I here engage to give
Twice twenty Crowns, his Courage to revive.*

* A Scotch Poet.

† Mr. Secretary Burchet, a Patron of Ramsay.

MUNGO.

But first, as Judge, 'tis requisite I know
The Aggravations of your various Woe,
Before I can impartial Sentence pass —

WILLIAM.

Let me begin, who lost a lovely Lass?
The greatest Cause should first of all be heard,
And he, that sweetest Sings, enjoy the best Reward.

BELLAIR.

Let *Mungo* first rehearse his mournful Tale,
(For Bubbles more than Lasses now prevail ;)
You next, and *David* last of all reply —
The Muses love alternate Melody.
And, as a *Premium* for the Shepherd's Pains,
Who best resembles *Ramsay's* rural Strains ;
In *Burchet's* Name, I here engage to give
Twice twenty Crowns, his Courage to revive.

MUNGO.

MUNGO.

*What fall I say? I had a hunder Mark,
 O' Yellow Gowd, that glitter'd in the Dark;
 Lang had it lain in a close cofie Hole,
 Abint the Chimly, bigged in a Bole.
 Fu safe it lay, 'till Bubbles gan to rise.
 O gen I had it back! I wad be wise.*

WILLIE.

*I thought fae Bessy mine fu hard and fast,
 And that we twae shou'd Married be at last.
 But ah! how aft hae Shepherds soon believ'd,
 And by the Queens they trusted, been deceiv'd.*

DAVIE.

*My Lamb was grown a strang and tyddy Beast,
 (The Laird himsell ne'er had a fatter Feast;)
 Aft hae I said, whan ony chanc'd to speir,
 "How dis your Lamb? Fu gayly, bra won geer:*

But

MUNGO.

What shall I say? Five Pounds I had and more,
All yellow Gold, laid up in secret Store;
Behind the Chimney, pent from Face of Day,
Long in the Wall it undiscover'd lay;
It lay well hid, 'till Stocks begun to rise,
O if I had it back! I would be Wife.

WILLIAM.

I thought false *Betty* was my own secure,
And, when we should be married, in my Pow'r.
But ah! how oft have Shepherds soon believ'd,
And, by the Jilts they trusted, been deceiv'd.

DAVID.

My Lamb was grown a strong, a blooming Beast,
(My Landlord ne'er enjoy'd a fatter Feast;)
Oft have I answer'd to my neighb'ring Swains,
Who ask'd its growth, — The best on all the Plains.
But

*But rackless Fate has met it on the Rock,
And I alas! am quite undone and broke.*

MUNGO.

*I took our Laird to be an honest Man,
(But they shou'd ne'er be trusted wha can bann.)
And mony a time the Brokers sent me Word,
My bunder Mark wad fetch me bame a Hoord.
Yet, 'mang'em a', I poor unlucky Lad!
Instead o' gath'ring mair, lost a' I had.*

WILLIE.

*My Neighbour Tam pretended still to be,
A downright Man and faithfu Friend to me;
Yet he, faze Carl! has sae unjustly play'd,
And taen my proper Bessy o'er my Head,
This mixes Wormwood in my Dish, and makes
My very Heart to stand upo' the Racks.*

DAVIE.

But Fate, relentless, met it on the Rock,
And I alas! am quite undone and broke.

MUNGO.

I took my Landlord for an honest Man,
(But there's no trusting those that use to bann.)
And oft the Brokers gave me ground to hope,
My Grains should spring up to a plenteous Crop;
Yet, 'mongst 'em all, I poor unlucky Lad!
Instead of gathering more, have lost the Goods I had.

WILLIAM.

My Neighbour *Tom* pretended still to be
An upright Man and faithful Friend to me;
Yet he has play'd a base, a treach'rous Part,
To steal away, so flyly, *Betty's* Heart.
This aggravates alas! my cutting Woe,
The Thought that stabs, and keeps me tortur'd so.

VOL. I.

O

DAVID.

DAVIE.

*Gen ony Tyke, to wham I ne'er was kind,
 Had kill'd my Lamb, it wad hae caum'd my Mind.
 But Coly, wha I dawted maist was he,
 That laid this Lade o' Poverty on me.
 Aft hae I patted wi' my Hand his Head,
 And frae my Pouch flung down grit dads o' Bread.
 And he, fu gratefu, us'd to wag his Tail,
 Bark'd whan I bade, and did my Buusiness hale.
 But now, vile Cur! he sair'd me sae at last,
 For a' my Love and Kindness to him past.
 Let ne'er a Shepherd trust his Dog again —*

MUNGO.

*It wad hae saft'ned a' my inward Pain,
 And lang e'er now I'd gi'en my mourning o'er,
 Gen they had said they wad my Gowd restore.*

But

DAVID.

If any Dog, to whom I ne'er was kind,
Had kill'd my Lamb, it would have eas'd my Mind :
But *Coly*, whom I most indulg'd, was he,
That hath reduc'd me to this Poverty.
Oft have I patted with my Hand his Head,
And from my Pockets thrown him Lumps of Bread ;
And he most kindly us'd to wag his Tail,
Nor baulk'd my Business on the Hill or Dale.
But now, vile Cur! for all my Favours past,
He playd the Rogue, and serv'd me so at last.
Let ne'er a Shepherd trust his Dog again, —

MUNGO.

It might have soften'd much my inward Pain,
And long ere now my Mourning had been o'er,
If they had said they would my Gold restore.

*But wha can bear wi' Patience to be robb'd?
 Baith out o' Stock and Int'rest slyly jobb'd?
 As soon fall Frost congeal the rumbling Sea,
 As I thae Rogues, that sham'd me sae, forgie.*

WILLIE.

*Gen Bessy had na Sworn and Sworn again,
 That she ne'er loo'd sae wiel anither Swain;
 And that the Sea shou'd sooner cease to roar,
 Than she prove fase, and gie her Willie o'er;
 I cou'd hae born wi' gritter ease my grief,
 And drunk in ilka drap o' sweet relief.*

DAVIE.

*How foolish is it for an honest Clown,
 To trust a Tyke, whan he's grey-Bearded grown?
 Coly, whan Young, unpractis'd in Deceit,
 Was ay good natur'd, and ne'er prov'd a Cheat.*

Aft

But who can bear with Patience to be robb'd?

Both out of Stock and Interest to be jobb'd?

As soon shall Frost congeal the furling Sea,

As those Deceivers be forgiv'n by me.

WILLIAM.

If *Betty* had not sworn and sworn again,
That she ne'er lov'd so much another Swain;
And that the Sea should sooner cease to roar,
Than she prove false, and give her *William* o'er,
I could have born with greater Ease my Grief,
And catch'd the smallest Cordial for Relief.

DAVID,

How foolish is it for an honest Clown,
To trust a Dog when he's gray-bearded grown?
Coly, when Young, unpractis'd in Deceit,
Was still good-natur'd, and ne'er prov'd a Cheat;

*Aft a' my Flocks I trusted to his Care,
 And thought I mught do sae for evermair.
 But, like a Court-Man, he betray'd his Trust,
 Afore I gae him Reason for disgust.*

MUNGO.

*I thought ere now I shou'd hae had a Coach,
 A bonny Place, and Gow'd in ilka pouch.
 Sae high the Laird my Expectations rais'd?
 Sae muckle ware the waefu' Bubbles prais'd?
 And yet I'm forc'd, wi' mighty Toil and Sweat,
 To win a Groat to get my Guts some Meat.
 Sae sad it is for sic a Chiel as me,
 To rax for Riches — in a rough South-Sea.*

WILLIE.

*Bessy and I, gen she had faithfu prov'd,
 Mught lang ere now hae shaun bow weil we lov'd.*

upon several Occasions. 199

Oft all my Flocks I trusted to his Care,
And thought he ne'er would plunge me in despair,
But, like a Statesman, he betray'd his Trust,
Before I had provok'd him to disgust,

MUNGO.

Oft have I thought, before I knew their Tricks,
T'have had fine Lodgings, and a Coach with Six.
So high my Hopes my crafty Landlord rais'd!
So much were these unlucky Bubbles prais'd!
And yet I'm doom'd with painful Toil and Sweat,
To earn a Groat to buy my Belly Meat,
So sad it is for such a simple Swain,
To launch into the Deep, in quest of Gain.

WILLIAM.

Betty and I, if she had faithful prov'd,
Had long ere now discover'd how we lov'd.

*Ae House and Bed mught sair'd us baith furwiel,
 But Tam, curst Tam and she hae play'd the Deel,
 The Bairns I thought to gotten a' my sell,
 Maun e'en be his. The very Thought is Hell.*

DAVIE.

*Had Coly spar'd my tyddy Lamb, I vow,
 It wad hae been a stately Creature now :
 I might hae sell'd it — for some futhy Men
 Wad ne'er hae stood to gi'en me three pund ten.
 Or gen I pleas'd to keep it mang the rest,
 It mught hae prov'd an unca' fruitfu Beast.
 For 'twas a Ew, a Ew of a bra kind ;
 Her gutcher, if I right the Matter mind,
 Was sent my Daddy in a Gift fu far,
 Wi' as fine Ouz as e'er was straik'd wi' Tar.*

MUNGO.

We might have lodg'd in the same House and Bed,
But she with *Tom*, curst *Tom*! has play'd the Jade.
His all the Children now alas must be,
Tormenting Thought! that should belong to me,

DAVID,

Had *Coly* spar'd my blooming Lamb, I vow,
It would have prov'd a stately Creature now.
I might have sold it — for some lib'ral Men
Wou'd ne'er refuse the Price of five and ten:
Or if I chose to keep it with the rest,
It might in time have prov'd a teeming Beast.
For 'twas a Ewe, a Ewe of fruitful Kind;
Her Grandfire, if I right the Story mind,
Was sent my Father in a Gift from far,
With as fine Wool as e'er was laid with Tar.

MUNGO.

MUNGO.

*What is't but Rob'ry, open and avow'd,
 To cheat a Body out of a' his Gow'd?
 Tho' wi' fair Face and a fawse fleetching Tongue,
 They gard me trow I shou'd na want it lang.
 I wonder fouk can glour us in the Face,
 When they do wrang, and their ain sell disgrace,*

WILLIE.

*It wad na vex'd my Spirit half sae sair,
 Gen they had only kist, and done nae mair:
 I cou'd forgie a stown dint in the Dark, —
 But openly they ran to the baf Mark.
 A while afore I sawnd them in a Grove,
 And heard them tell some unca tales o' Love,
 Yet a' the time the Glaeky gard me trow,
 She'd Marry me — I was a Fool I vow,*

DAVID.

MUNGO.

What other Name than Robbers shall I give,
To those that take away my Means to live?
Tho' with a curteous Air and flatt'ring Tongue,
They made me trust I shou'd not want them long.
I wonder those, that their own selves disgrace,
By doing Wrong, can look us in the Face.

WILLIAM.

It should not half so much have vex'd my Mind,
If they had only kiss'd — Folk may be kind;
An unseen Slip, through Love, allow I can —
But to the Curate openly they ran.
Sometime before I saw them in a Grove,
I heard them tell some wondrous Tales of Love;
Mean while, for all that past betwixt them there,
She said she'd Marry me, — I was a Fool, I swear.

DAVID.

DAVID.

*Coly, fae Tyke! without a' Conscience ran,
 (I wish I may no in my Anger bann!)
 In fair foor Day, and did the wicket deed,
 Then cock'd his Tail, and fast awa he fled.
 Whitefoot and Bawtie present ware I heard,
 And ill ye ken is easy to be lear'd;
 Gen, after his Example, they shou'd grow
 Sheep-stealers too, what sall poor Davie do?*

MUNGO,

*How can I think upo my little Poze,
 And my Heart no' fa' down into my Hose?
 Twas blythsom anes to take the Yellow Hoord
 Out frae the Clout, and tell it on the Board,
 O! how the Pennies glister'd in my Een,
 That Laird! thae Brokers! wou'd I ne'er had seen,*

WILLIE.

DAVID.

Coly, false Cur! like an establish'd Rake,
(I wish the Law my Choler may not break!)
In open Day, perform'd the wicked Deed,
Cock'd up his Tail, and fleet o'er Mountains fled.
Whitefoot and *Bawtie* both beholding stood,
And Ill, ye know, is easier learn'd than Good.
If, after his Example, they pursue
And worry Sheep, what shall their Master do?

MUNGO.

How can I think upon my little Store,
And yet my Heart be not afflicted fore?
'Twas Pleasure once to take the Guineas out,
And on the Table hurl them round about.
O! how each Piece glanc'd sweetly in my Eyes.
I'll curse those Brokers ev'ry Day I rise.

WIL-

WILLIE.

*O! how I'm wounded to the very Heart,
 To think that ought shoud me frae Betty part.
 She was the gayest Lass that e'er I sa',
 Ay unca Heartsom, clean redd up and bra.
 Fu fait and fimp she was about the Waist,
 Had fine tight Legs, and wow a snawy Breast!
 But than her Cheeks, her Lips, her Eyes sae rare, —
 She might e'en wi' my Lady's sell compare.
 O! wha' cou'd see her, (God forgie my Sin!)
 And no find a' his Heart Strings dirl within!*

DAVIE.

*O! 'twas a bonny Sight, amang the Couth,
 To see my Lambkin o'er the Bushes loup.
 Upo' the Staines it danc'd, and, when I drave
 My Sheep to Fald, it ran afore the Leve,*

WILLIAM.

O! how I'm tortur'd in my inmost Heart,
To think that ought shou'd me from *Betty* part;
For she was charming both in Mind and Face,
Without all Beauty and within all Grace.
Handsome and pretty was her stately Waist,
Her Legs genteel, and white as Snow her Breast;
But oh! her Cheeks, her Lips, her Eyes so rare,
She might e'en with my Lady's self compare.
None could behold her, (God forgive my Sin)
And not find Love thrill through his Veins within.

DAVID.

O! 'twas a Pleasure, on the bushy Rock,
To see my Lamb-kin skip amidst the Flock.
O'er Stones it danc'd, and us'd to run and leap
As I to Fold convey'd my Flock of Sheep.

With

*Ae Day I thought I shou'd hae pish'd my Breiks,
 To see it dounch my Bawties hawket Cheeks.
 The Cur was sleeping, whan the canny Beast
 Gard him get up and Yowl — a bonny Jest!
 But now my Sport is a' to greeting turn'd,
 What anes was a' my Comfort now is mourn'd.
 O gen my Hands cou'd grup the Tyke, I vow,
 Pd gar him girn to Death upon a Tow.*

BELLAIR.

Shepherds, give o'er, &c.



With Laughing once I thought t' have been undone,
When with full force upon my Dog it run.
Asleep he lay, when the facetious Beast
Rouz'd him in smart — it was a pleasant Jest!
But now my Sport is all to Sorrow turn'd,
What once delighted, now alas! is mourn'd.
If e'er my Hands can catch the Cur, I hope,
To make him rue his Manners in a Rope.

BELLAIR.

Shepherds, give o'er your soft complaining Lays,
All sing with Ease and merit more than Bays.
So well your various Suff'rings have been sung,
With Charms peculiar to your Native Tongue,
That, whilst I own that all of ye sing well,
'Tis hard to judge what Swain does most excel:
And did not Bus'ness make me bid adieu
To these sweet Plains, to Pastimes, and to you,
VOL. I. P I cou'd

I cou'd with Pleasure, 'till the Sun declin'd,
Attentive listen, and fresh Beauties find,
Beauties ! that *Phillips*, *Pope*, and *Pack* might Love,
And e'en capricious *Dennis*' self approve.
Yet ere I go, my best Decifion hear,
Nor think my Sentence partial or severe ;
Since each of what he wager'd is poffest,
And none allow'd to laugh at both the Rest.
For finging well, let *Mungo* keep his Ox,
'Tho', as I think, he nothing los'd in Stocks.
A Sum of Gold, however great or fmall,
Is rather loft, when buried in a Wall,
Both Ufelefs to the Owners, and to all :
But, put in Stocks, it falls into the Hand
Of thofe that fpend it for their native Land ;
And, like the gen'rous *Campbell*, *Blount* and *Goode*,
Crown Merit well, where Merit is allow'd.

Nor

Nor have you, *William*, so much Cause to mourn,
 Since *Betty* cou'd from you to *Thomas* turn.
 The Swain's most happy, who has least to do
 With Lasses, who can Jilt and break a Vow.
 To other Strains adapt your tuneful Reed,
 And joy that you from Misery are freed.
 But *David* is a Sufferer, I own,
 And hath most Ground of all the Three to moan.
David is poor, his Lamb was all his Pride,
 That Lamb can ne'er revive again; beside,
 He lost his Dog; and those that yet remain,
 From his Example, may undo the Swain.
 But let not *David* be oppress'd with Grief,
 I'll go to Court, and thence procure Relief.
Craggs is a wise, a gen'rous Soul, I'm sure!
 No Swain can suffer much, whilst he is cloath'd with
 Pow'r.



INSTRUCTIONS

TO THE

MUSE.

IF I, of *Caledonian* Race,
 May hope to share of CRAGG's Grace,
 'Tis fit he first shou'd know my Case.

Then, *Muse*, address the *Squire* in Rhime,
 But waste not his important Time,
 With long and tedious Narration,
 And tasteless, formal Supplication;
 For certes He has more to do,
 Than hearken to a Brat like you.

When

When by some artful Means or other,
You gain Admittance, make a Pother
To shew your Breeding; for, by *Thee*,
A Judgment will be made of *Me*.
Now, shou'd you with Behaviour akward
Appear, 'twou'd turn his Blessing backward:
Whereas you'll win him, by *Decorum*
Observ'd, when first you come before him.
So, having made a handsome Leg,
Tell him from whom you came to beg,
How I was bred an *honest Whig*,
And, in Rebellion Time, look'd big.
No *Volunteer*, in all our Party,
Was known more orthodox and hearty.
You may indeed confess my Bravery
Is small — but then so is my Knavery;

And, in the Cause, a faithful Creature,
His *Honour* knows is a great Matter!

When this is represented clearly,
Proceed to tell, however queerly;
How old a Dab I am at *Wit*,
And for a World of Uses fit!
— And here 'tis proper to enlarge,
And what your Conscience bids, discharge;
For You my Praise can better speak,
Than I, whom Modesty pulls back.

Next, faithful Muse, you may go on,
To shew that I shall be undone,
Unless he put me in a *Place*,
Or by a *Pension* cure my Case.
Suggest, that half a Score of Fellows,
(Whose Frauds, 'tis said, deserve the Gallows)

Are

Are instantly to be turn'd out,
That others may get in, no Doubt.
Now, since I'm honest and in Need,
And eke can fairly write and read,
He may do worse than send me *North*,
To inspect *Tobacco*, and so forth.

But, after all, if CRAGGS shou'd say,
" Muse, tell thy Master he must stay ;
" Besides, thou art a chatt'ring Elf ;
" I want to talk with MITCHELL's self —
E'en take your Leave with due *Decorum*,
As when you first appear'd before him.
Suffice it, that He heard You out —
A Sign he'll serve me, without Doubt !
Be it thy Task to sing his Praise,
And mine to mind whate'er he says.



To the Right Honourable

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

One of His MAJESTY'S Principal Secretaries of
State in the Year 1720.

C RAGGS, who, by Merits of your own,
Have climb'd to Honour and Renown !

Great Arbiter of Wit and Sense !

The Muses Friend, and my Defence !

Sure in this strange *Stock-jobbing* Season,

You've neither lost, nor left, your Reason ;

And, therefore, tho' the World to me

Appears as mad as it can be,

I too

I too wou'd fain my Fortune try,
 Since you've a *Finger in the Pye.*
 Tis plain, there is some *Charm*, or other,
 Else *wife* Folks wou'd not make a Pother
 About *Subscriptions*, great and small,
 And, in the crowded *Ally* bawl,
 Like *Brokers* with no Brains at all.
 But what's the *Charm*, and how to know it,
 Remains a *Mystery* to your *Poet*;
 And must, while ready *Cash* is scant —
 — Unless your Honour say, I shant.
 Not that I covet, or wou'd seem
 A *Parasite* in your Esteem —
 No living Soul cares less for Money;
 And, tho' I'm poor, I scorn to fun ye,
 Only, for Fashion's sake, or so,
 I shou'd be glad the *Charm* to know;

And

And try if I too, quitting Rhimes,
Cou'd cut a *Figure* in these Times.

But shou'd you leave it to my Muse
To name the *Company* I chuse,
I'm such a *Novice* in the *Ally*,
That, meditating Shilly, shally,
Your *Honour's* Patience wou'd be tir'd,
Ere I cou'd tell what I desir'd.
Sometimes, I like the *South-Sea* best ;
Sometimes, believe it all a Jest.
To-Day, *Welsh-Copper's* my Delight ;
To-Morrow, it appears a Bite.
By Turns, *York-buildings*, *Chelsea-water*,
And *River Douglas*, move my Satire,
The *Indian*, *African*, and so forth,
Now please, and then seem Things of no Worth,

In

In short, from *Stocks at Cent per Cent,*

To *Stock*, whereon no Money's lent,

(So apt my Humour is to rove)

I know not which to hate, or love.

Then may it please you, Sir, to say

What I must have, in your own Way —

And your Petitioner shall Pray.

}



AN



A N

O D E

On receiving a WREATH of BAYS from

OPHELIA.

Non usitata, nec tenui ferar
Penna — — — *Hor.*

I.



LET Him, who, favour'd by the Fair,
With Glove, or Ring, or Lock of Hair,
Think He's the happy Man —

The

The Crown, I wear upon my Head,
Has Energy to wake the Dead,
And make a Goose a Swan!

II.

See! how, like *Horace*, I aspire!
I mount! I tow'r sublimely high'r!
And, as I soar, I sing!
Behold, ye Earth-born Mortals all,
I leave you on your Kindred Ball,
With Fancy's lofty Wing!

III.

To humble Trophies dully creep,
And, in your Urns, inglorious sleep,
Ye *Roman Cæsars*, now —
Your Eagles' Flight was all in vain,
Since I've more Triumph in my Brain,
And greater on my Brow.
My

IV.

My Laurel, Rival of the Oak!
 Malignant Planets, and the Streak
 Of Thunder, cannot shake.

My Thoughts, inspir'd by Love and Bays,
 O'er all your boasted Lands and Seas,
 Despotie Empire take.

V.

Why did great *Alexander* grieve?
 Because he cou'd no more atchieve?
 Had I been living Then,
 I wou'd have taught the Hero how
 He might have made the Nations bow,
 By Fancy more than Men!

VI.

Encircled with my sacred Wreath,
 I ride triumphant over Death;
 And,

on several Occasions. 223

And, at Poetic Wheels,
I draw the Seasons of the Year,
I charm all Heav'n into my Sphere,
And Hell my Fury feels.

VII.

Shame on low Flights — Let us create
New Systems, and a new Estate,
For Bards and Lovers fit.
No higher, than *Elysium*,
Have *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, come,
With all their tow'ring Wit.

VIII.

To a new World, my Fair, let's fly,
A *Venus* Thou! *Apollo* I!
To raise a Race of Gods.
Attend us, Poets, if you'd have
A Subject, proof against the Grave,
T' immortalize your Odes.

Astro-

IX.

Astrologers, the Stars despise —

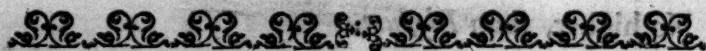
All Fate is in OPHELIA's Eyes :

From Them derive your Skill.

Their Influence only can undo,

Restore, confound, amend, renew,

Re-animate, and kill.



On OPHELIA.

I.

IN Praise of Women, we proclaim

The *Breasts* of One, Another's *Face*,

Here *Eyes* for ever roll in Fame,

And there immortal lives a *Grace*.

But

II.

But, when OPHELIA's Charms we sing,
Not This, nor t'other Part, we praise,
Nor need we borrow'd Beauties bring,
A perfect Character to raise.

III.

As Heav'ns Epitome design'd,
The Whole of Her our Wonder draws,
We worship and adore her Mind,
At once her Person charms and awes.

IV.

What finish'd Pieces have been shown?
Have we not seen a Thousand more?
But when the fair OPHELIA's gone,
Exhausted will be Beauty's Store.

Q

Posterity

V.

Posterity shall, sorrowing, say,
 " Our Fathers saw superior Worth,
 " The perfect Mold was cast away,
 " When Nature brought OPHELIA forth.



To OPHELIA,
With the POWER of BEAUTY.

A P O E M.

THOU, at whose Feet my *Muse* her Labour
 lays,

To whom my *Heart* its first Devotion pays,

Peruse this Paper, that, impartial, tells

How much a *Lady*, like your self, excels:

How, vainly, other Pow'rs appear in Arms

Against the Force of *Beauty's* conquering Charms.

If

upon several Occasions. 227

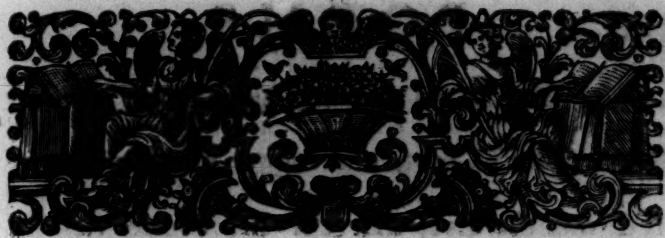
If small Engagement, in my Verse, you find,
Condemn my *Muse*, but to my *Heart* be kind.
Lines faintly tell the Pain a *Lover* feels,
When ev'ry Passion to his *Charmer* kneels.
Poorly our Art the Force of Nature shows!
Like native Life, what dead Resemblance glows?

Think, *Madam*, tho' Adorers round you press,
None loves you more, — and *Love* deserves Success.
No higher Merit I presume to boast:
If *That* is worthless, my Ambition's lost.
Howe'er your Pleasure shall pronounce my Fate,
'Twill be my Pride, your humble Slave to wait:
Happy enough, if I am blest to see
Those Eyes, that conquer Thousands, shine on Me.

But, shou'd you, gracious, my Address regard,
And, by your Love, at length, my Pains reward,

No favour'd *Beauty*, to the *Muses* known,
Shou'd e'er receive more Homage than your own.
Yet ill cou'd *Versè* your Heav'n of Charms display!
As well might Paint outline the God of Day.





T H E
POWER of *BEAUTY*.

A
P O E M.



N golden Times, when *Virtue's* Pow'r
prevail'd;
Ere *Truth* took Wing, or publick
Credit fail'd;

When *Poets* fung, as Heav'n, it self, inspir'd;

And Men were just to Merit they admir'd:

A Lady fair, SAPHIRA was her Name!
Grac'd *Salem's* Court, and higher rais'd its Fame:
Fix'd was the Eye, that e'er her Glories view'd,
Nor scap'd a Heart in *Israel*, unsubstu'd.

Her, rival Lovers crowded to adore,
And Blood boil'd hot, that Icy was before.
But none the Pow'r of *Beauty* better knew,
Than tuneful *Bards*, whose whole Address she drew.
Low, at her Feet, *their* Labours most were laid,
And most *she* lik'd the Homage, that *they* paid.
All urg'd their Suit, and willingly submit
To SOLOMON, the Judge of Men, and Wit;
He, high enthron'd, amidst his *Nobles* sate,
To try their Merit, and conclude Debate.
They, bowing low, expect th' important Theme,
And hope, to win the Prize of Love, and Fame.

Strait,

Strait, was the Question publish'd, by the King,
In few, plain, Words—*What's the most pow'rful Thing?*
First, solemn Silence AHAB-MELECH broke,
He lov'd the King, and loyally he spoke.
“ O Sage in Counfel, as, by Armies, strong,
“ What, but thy *Self*, deserves the *Poets' Song*?
“ Thou, GOD's Vicegerent! hast the greatest Pow'r:
“ Thou art th'Almighty, but in Miniature!
“ All Things the Art, and Arms, of Men obey,
“ And Men are rul'd by thy unrival'd Sway.
Here Flatterers shout, and wou'd the Trial end,
When SAHAB rose, his Topick to defend.
“ Is there, said He, a greater Pow'r, than *Gold*?
“ What King, without it, can Dominion hold?
“ I flatter not — and let my *Rivals* prove,
“ That there is ought more prevalent, in Love.

A second Noise ran murmuring thro' the Hall,
 When, thus, SHETHIGAH husht Opinions all.
 " *Wine* has the Pow'r, that nothing else can claim:
 " Omnipotence! but with another Name.
 " With *It*, in vain, we Kings and Gold compare;
 " Both are but Dust, and shall to Dust repair!
 " Mankind may starve amidst a hoarded Store,
 " And Time, once lost, can be redeem'd no more.
 " But *Wine*, immortal, as its Author, lives,
 " And fresh Recruits, to all its Votaries, gives.
 " Wit, Sense, and Reason, Glories of the Soul!
 " Govern'd by *Wine*, confess its sweet Controul,
 Here was each Lover of the Grape alarm'd,
 And, in Defence of his dear Bottle, warm'd;
 When solemn JASHEN from his Seat arose,
 And silenc'd, thus, the Faction of his Foes:

" Conquests,

" Conquests, he said, by Pow'r of *Wine* obtain'd,
" Soon lose their Virtue, and the Place they gain'd
" *Sleep*, potent *Sleep*! kind Nature's friendly Aid!
" Restores the Force, by tempting Juice betray'd.
" Tho' dull, and lazy, *It*, perhaps, appears,
" Instruct, ye *Rivals*, what more Victory wears,
" Does it not ev'ry blust'ring Passion bind,
" And, at its Pleasure, silence all Mankind?

Again loud Murmurs shew'd a Party Zeal,
When JUBAL rose, and made the next Appeal.
" Strong Arguments, to shew the greatest Strength,
" At best, are weak, if forc'd to yield at length.
" *Water*, alone, with a resistless Force,
" O'er boasted Mounds, precipitates its Course.
" With Rush impetuous, did not mighty Floods
" Deluge the Plains, and sweep o'er Hills and Woods?"

" Deep

" Deep under Waves, the Pomp of Nature sunk,
" And Birds, and Beasts, and Men, Destruction drunk,
 Scarce what he spake had the Assembly heard,
Ere hot MENORAH in the Crowd, appear'd.
" 'Tis *Fire* alone Omnipotence can boast;
" For, by its Pow'r, all other Pow'r is lost,
" *Fire* wastes whole Cities, Nations, in its Way,
" And will, at last, make Heav'n and Earth a Prey,
" Th' united Forces, of the spacious Main,
" May try to conquer, but shall try, in vain.

 Then grim THEMUTHAH, looking stern, began;
" Till my contending Brothers clearly can
" Produce a Pow'r, more terrible, than *Death*,
" In vain, they spend their argumentive Breath,
" Despotic, *He*, o'er this Creation reigns,
" And binds the mighty, in eternal Chains.

— Survey

- " Survey his Strength, when, on the hostile Field,
" The proudest Victors to his Triumph yield.
" Think how he stalks, o'er dreadful Conquests made,
" *Himself* the only Terror unafraid!
" Experience shews my Argument is good,
" Nor can its Force, by any, be withstood.

Here rose a Shout, till gentle SAMAR spoke:

- " I've heard, that *Musick* into Hell has broke.
" Th' inexorable Gates, before it, wide
" Their Iron Folds, with dreadful Crush, divide:
" The tortur'd *Ghosts*, by soothing Notes, were eas'd,
" And *Fates*, and *Furies*, found themselves appeas'd.
" O'er Death, victorious danc'd the pow'rful *Airs*,
" And forc'd Obedience to a *Poet's* Pray'rs.

Others, as Judgment, or, as Fancy, mov'd,
Declar'd their Minds to win the Prize belov'd.

But

But when AMANAH rose, to urge his Claim,
SAPHIRA'S Blushes shew'd her inward Flame.
Him most she lov'd, of all the tuneful Throng,
And most she read, tho' secretly, his Song.
Ne'er had her Words her Heart's Desire confess;
She smother'd all the Ardours of her Breast.
The *Bard*, with equal Passion, inly, glow'd,
And more Confusion, than his Fellows, shew'd,
He answer'd to the Question of the King,
As Love had, oft, inspir'd his Muse to sing.
" Since you, great Judge, vouchsafe a gracious Ear,
" Tho' last I speak, I have no Cause to fear.
" Unbias'd, you will weigh my Answer's Worth,
" And, as is just, bring your Decision forth.
" That glorious Prize were ill deserv'd by me,
" Did I think, ought, but half so strong, as she,

" Resistless

- " Resistless *Beauty*! — Thus I speak my Sense,
" And, if I fall, I fall in her Defence.
" *Woman* has Charms, which nothing can compare,
" And, of all *Women*, *she's* the fairest Fair.
" In her fine Person, all *their* Charms are join'd,
" And Myriads more adorn her noble Mind.

He said—The Court impatient now remain,
"Till, thus, the *King* reliev'd the common Pain.
" Let rival *Bards* no more dispute the Prize,
" Against the Pow'r of bright *SAPHIRA's* Eyes.
" He merits best, who most her Pow'r conceives,
" Nor greater Strength, in all the World, believes.
" In her, *AMANA*H feels th'united Charms
" Of all her Sex—and who can fly their Arms?
" *Beauty* has Pow'r, to animate, or kill:
" *Love* is its Child, and *Love's* a Conquerour still.

The Sentence giv'n, the shouting Crowd dec
 How much the Royal Wisdom was rever'd:
 While, by the Hand, the *King* SAPHIRA lec
 To fond AMANAH, and divinely, said;
 " Take, lucky *Rival*, and distinguish'd *Bard*,
 " Of *Love* and *Versè*, this never match'd Reward.
He, bowing low, his Gratitude exprest,
 And *she* the burning Transports of her Breast.

 O N A

F L Y,

Drown'd in a Lady's Eye.

I.

D Eluded FLY! that thus presum'd
 T' invade celestial Light!
 Bold PHAETON, to Ruin doom'd,
 Fell not from such a Height!

You

II.

You hop'd to mingle in a Flame,

And, *Phœnix* like, expire!

How vain was your ambitious Aim?

How strange to drown in Fire?

III.

So *ICHARUS*, because he try'd

To trace a trackless Way,

Was all, at once, like you, destroy'd

By Sun-beams, and by Sea.

IV.

Yet happy you, who, now at Rest,

So sweet a Tomb can boast.

By *CHLOE*'s Cruelty you're blest,

As by your Rashness lost.

Let

V.

Let Lovers learn, by yours, their Fate;

'Tis CHLOE's Pride to slay.

Domitian like, she leaves her State,

And stoops to any Prey.

To a young LADY, on her Marriage
with an old Gentleman.

I.

SINCE all thy Fishing but a Frog hath catch'd,
Aurora, now, have I not Cause to rage?

Shou'd I not grieve, to see thy Morning match'd

With one, who's in the Evening of his Age?

Shou'd

II.

Shou'd hoary Hairs, the Messengers of Death,
Mix with thy Locks, whose Colour is like Gold?
Shou'd Wrinkles bath in thy ambrosial Breath,
And Life be lengthen'd to an Oaf, so old?

III.

Must He, who's Jealous, thro' his own Defect,
Thy Beauty's unstain'd Treasure only taste?
And, as he fumbles heavily, suspect,
That others share a Portion of his Feast.

IV.

More than my own, her Fortune I deplore,
Who, now condemn'd to monumental Arms,
Hears the dull Sot upon her Bosom snore,
Unconscious of his Duty, and her blooming Charms.





THE
K I S S:
OR, THE
SHEPHERD'S *Cure.*

I.

IN that soft Season of the Year,
When Nature smiles, and all is gay,
As COLIN watch'd his fleecy Care,
And sung, and play'd, the Hours away,
The noble SYLVIA chas'd the Hare,
And pass'd the Hillock ~~where~~ he lay.

II. Thought

II.

Thought ne'er had rack'd the Shepherd's Brain,
Love had not yet surpriz'd his Heart:
But soon as SYLVIA scow'r'd the Plain,
Her Beauties struck him like a Dart.
He wonder'd Charms shou'd cause such Pain,
And labour'd to conceal his Smart.

III.

Alas! th'Idea, fix'd so deep
In COLIN's Mind, would not remove;
He broke his Pipe, forgot his Sheep,
And languish'd in a neighbouring Grove;
Sometimes wou'd sigh, sometimes wou'd weep;
But did not know He was in Love.

IV.

The social Swains around him came,
And, sympathizing, ask'd his Case.
One wou'd divert his Mind with Game,

Another his Distemper trace.

But none perceiv'd the hidden Flame,

Tho' bashful Love o'erspread his Face.

V.

For twice two Weeks he knew no Rest ;

He pin'd away with silent Grief ;

But weak and wan, at last, confess,

And bid the Swains pursue the Thief.

The Nymph, he said, divinely drest,

That stole my Heart, can yield Relief.

VI.

I seek not vainly to be lov'd

By one so fair, and great, as she :

But, since her Charms so fatal prov'd,

Oh! let her not too cruel be.

If, by poor COLIN's Suff'rings mov'd,

She'd grant a Kiss, 'twou'd set me free.

VII. This

VII.

This said, He blush'd, and sunk with Shame,
To think the World should know his Care:
He fear'd the Swains wou'd mock his Flame,
And her Refusal breed Despair.

Ah! who such harmless Love could blame?
Wou'd SYLVIA prove less mild, than fair?

VIII.

Thro' all the Plains the News was spread,
The Swains and Nymphs lament his Fate;
'Twas told to SYLVIA He was dead, —
What Pity did the News create?
Why came not COLIN? SYLVIA said —
Or, why heard I the News so late?

IX.

Her Sorrows, soon to COLIN brought,
With Hopes of Pity fix'd his Mind.
Sure, if she grieves, (He rightly thought)

246 POEMS

She cannot, will not, prove unkind,
Then SYLVIA's Bow'r, the Shepherd fought,
And had the Kifs, for which he pin'd.

X.

Now cur'd, and grown himself again,
He sings and plays beside his Flocks,
With SYLVIA's Name is fill'd the Plain,
With SYLVIA's Name resound the Rocks,
No other Goddess aids his Strain,
No other Goddess He invokes.





To a SINGING BIRD.

An ANACREONTIC.

PRETTY, pleasant, Warbler, why
Sing We, without Liberty?

Thou, for Him, who Thee detains!

I, for Her, whose Charms are Chains!

Ah! How disproportion'd are

Notes of Pleasure, and of Care?

Whilst Thou sing'st, thy Heart is glad;

Mine, alas! depress'd and sad,

Thou, by singing, liv'st — but I

Languish, and despair, and die,



A

MEMORIAL *to* VIRTUE,
Unfinished.

THY boasted Glories, VIRTUE, I have seen,
And long amid' thy zealous Votaries been,
Whatever Sages, in thy Praise, have said,
Eager, I learnt; and, what they taught, obey'd.
For faithful Service, and intense Regard,
I'm bold, at last, to claim a just Reward.
Naked, and poor, I've waited, in thy Train;
But shall I always indigent remain?
Must I be forc'd, as Millions have before,
To give the fruitless, fond, Dependance o'er?

Well

on several Occasions. 249

Well do'st thou know how honest I have prov'd! "
How much thy Nature is, by mine belov'd! "
I wou'd not leave Thee, wou'd'st Thou Victuals give;
But flowry Speeches cannot make me live. "
I must have more than Words, to keep me true: "
Shadows, without some Substance, will not do. "
The World derides me, while I *gratis* wait; "
I'm pointed at, as VIRTUE'S Slave of State! "
My old Companions fly me, as a Pest; "
And my dull Morals prove the common Jest, "
" Wilt thou — they cry — be singularly good; "
" And stand alone, distinguish'd from the Crowd? "
" Think how to thrive, by Methods more secure, "
" VIRTUE is fair, but miserably poor! "
" Besides, her Rules are hardly worth thy Care: "
" For sprightly Youth, and Humour, too severe! "

" And

" And, tho' Contentment, in your self, you find,

" Not one of Millions will be of your Mind.

" The World will call your studied Goodness, Pride,

" And sober Life, as sly Design, deride :

" And 'twere but vain, to strive against the Tide.

I answer : Wealth and Honours are by Fate

Contriv'd, to give insipid Coxcombs Weight :

They only serve, to fill the Want of Sense,

And wait, like Slaves, on fawning Impudence :

That VIRTUE, ev'n in Rags, commands Regard,

And is, it self, its own immense Reward.

This they call Cant, a mere delusive Dream :

" Single, but out — they say — the greatest Name,

" And mark, how poorly VIRTUE crown'd his Deeds !

" And thence infer, how ill Desert succeeds.

" Was *Cæsar* virtuous ? What Reward had He ?

" How dy'd the Hero ? — For, at Death, we see

" Whe-

- " Whether the Man meets happy Fate, or no:
" What boots a Glory, that, at Death, must go?
" Or say, deluded Mortal, was he blest,
" Whose Virtue *Cæsar's* Person most oppress?
" Dy'd *Brutus* happier than the envied Man?
" Resolve us this, you Zealot, if you can.
" Have not the Good and Bad a common Fate?
" And be they not most happy, who be Great?
" Take you the VIRTUE, leave us the Estate.
Tell me, fair *Goddeß*, how to make Reply,
And timely save, or quickly I must fly.
Better to shun the Learning of thy School,
Than starve in Life, and die a knowing Fool.





An O D E,
(*In Allusion to the 2d of HORACE*)

To His Royal Highness
The PRINCE of WALES,
In the Year 1720.

*Quem vocet Divum Populus ruentis
Imperi Rebus? — — Hor. Ode 2. Lib. 1.
— Præfens Divus habebitur
Augustus — — Ib. Ode 5. Lib. 3.*

I.



NOUGH, his Wrath Almighty God
Has pour'd upon a Rebel Race:
BRITANNIA reels beneath the Load,
And, sinking, supplicates his Grace.

The

II.

The humbled Nation, now, too late,
In dire Effects its Folly finds ;
We mourn the Mis'ry of our State,
And curse the rash, projective, Minds.

III.

Our *Babylon* had tow'r'd so high,
So Lawless was our Conduct grown,
'Twas fit that Judgment from the Sky
Shou'd crush the weak Supporters down.

IV.

How keen we labour'd to be Great,
By preying on our Neighbour's Store ?
To what curst Heights we push'd our Fate,
And rose, to make our Fall the more ?

O'er

V.

O'er all the Banks the Waters broke,
And delug'd quite the fruitful Plain;
Strong Damms cou'd scarce resist the Shock,
And Mounds were rear'd, but rear'd in vain.

VI.

As Clouds obscure Meridian Rays,
Merit became the common Jest:
Fortune look'd kind on knavish Ways,
And Blockheads have succeeded best.

VII.

They, who, at Distance, saw the Scene,
And mark'd what foreign Sharpers won,
Fear'd Conquests might be made again,
Or we, by Civil War undone.

The

VIII.

The Nobles, who with Rabble join'd,
To gather in the golden Show'r,
Are whelm'd alike in Grief of Mind,
Alike most miserably Poor.

IX.

His private Suff'rings who can bear?
Or what the publick Loss retrieve?
Whom shall we beg our Cries to hear?
What Pow'r our ruin'd State will save?

X.

In vain, we look to neighbouring Lands —
They labour in the like Distress;
Or mock our Mis'ry, since our Hands
Have wrought the Woes, our Tongues confess.

Kind

XI.

Kind Heav'n, whom will thy Pity send
 To lift BRITANNIA'S drooping Head?
 What living Patriot can defend?
 Or wilt thou raise one from the Dead?

XII.

Ye Ministers of State awake,
 And prove the Virtues you possess:
 'Tis Yours to act for BRITAIN'S Sake,
 And all our Grievances redress.

XIII.

O S——, thou favour'd Peer!
 Thy Honesty and Pow'r exert:
 Now is the Time thy Fame to clear,
 And show you have our Weal at Heart.

S——,

XIV.

S———*e*, renown'd in Peace and War!
Adorn'd with ev'ry liberal Art!
More, if you can, your self endear,
By acting, now, a Patriot's Part.

XV.

N———*le*, here, your Interest try:
You cannot too officious prove:
With Fortune raise your Honour high,
And win, by Merit, lasting Love.

XVI.

O P———*r*, Oracle of Law,
Convince us of the Skill you boast,
And from the Depths of Ruin, draw
Our publick Credit, ere 'tis lost.

XVII.

A—e, thou dear, distinguish'd Chief,
 Whose Sword was never drawn in vain,
 Whose Counsel can afford Relief,
 The Ballance of our State maintain.

XVIII.

Britannia's Case, at Home, O *S—r*,
 Regard, and sure Assistance send,
 If yet, from *Europe's* grand Affair,
 You can your godlike Thoughts unbend.

XIX.

Thy Patriot-Zeal, and Conduct, now
 When Matters at a Crisis stand,
 In future Management, bestow,
 O *W—e*, for a groaning Land.

But

XX.

But ah! in vain, we look below,
And Aid from mortal Hands implore;
To Pow'r superior we must go,
That, only, can our Bliss restore.

XXI.

When shall *Britannia* see again
Her Monarch come renown'd from far,
Whose Absence aggravates her Pain,
In whom her Hopes all center'd are?

XXII.

Let ne'er succeeding Times record,
Or neighbouring Pow'rs in Triumph boast,
That G—e, like an unfaithful Lord,
In G—y, his B—n lost.

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In G——y, his B——n lost.

XXIII.

O WALES, *Augustus* of our Days,
Vouchsafe to cast an Eye abroad,
And, by the Brightness of your Rays,
Assert your Self a second God,

XXIV.

While your great Sire prolongs his Stay
At Courts, less worthy present Care,
The People, you was born to sway,
To you address their ardent Pray'r.

XXV.

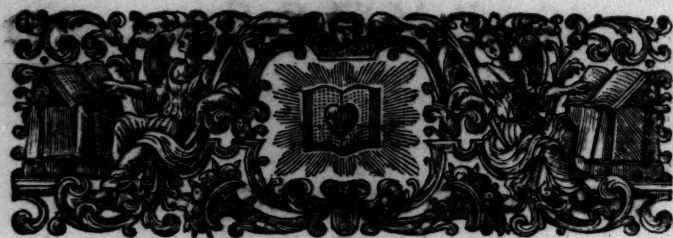
Be it your Glory, to confound
The Foes of Royalty, and Peace :
Make publick Credit yet renown'd,
Our Trade revive, our Murmuring cease.

O when,

XXVI.

O when, beneath *Augustus'* Wing,
Shall Sister-Arts illustrious rise ?
When shall the sacred Muses sing,
In *British*, as in *Roman*, Skies.





To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *Lauderdale*, &c.

WITH A

SATIRE, (written by another
Hand) on the *Upstart Gentry*,
Anno Dom. 1720.



ET others, in their mercenary Lays,
Cringe for *Preferment*, and run mad for
Praise.

A *Bard*, that, but to merit, scorns to bow,
Is proud, my *Lord*, to Tune his Voice to you,

To

To you, who, far unlike the *Vulgar Great*,
Can boast a Soul distinguish'd as your State;
And, by a long *Hereditary Right*,
Claim the first Homage of the *Versè* I write.

'Tis not for me, a skill-less Youth, to trace
Back to its Source, your old, illustrious *Race*,
And rashly, on a feeble, unfledg'd Wing,
Attempt your *Honours* and *Deserts* to sing.

I, who small Interest in *Parnassus* share,
Sing, but sometimes, to charm away my Care,
And ne'er to high distinguish'd Fame aspire,
Must be content, at Distance, to admire.

I view the tow'ring *Genius* with Delight,
But dare not rise to an *Icarian* Height;
And, tho' t'illustrate Merit I despair,
Yet boast I can discern it, and revere.

Be this my Praise, that I with Justice claim
To Love; tho' not adorn, your noble Name.

'Tis Part of Virtue, Virtue to explore,
And, what we cannot higher raise, adore.

But while, my *Lord*, I own my rude Effays,
And weak Pretensions to the sacred *Bays*,
My *Muse* another's better Work commends
To *you*, on whose Indulgence she depends,
Here, in fair Colours, suited to their State,
A *Brother-Bard* describes the *Ignoble Great* :
How *mimick Patriots*, in gilt Chariots, ride,
Forget the *Dunghils*, and *themselves*, thro' Pride.
O how unlike, how far remov'd from thine,
The *Upstarts*' Features rise in every Line!
What *Giants* bounce, who were but *Pigmies* born,
Below our *Envy*, and scarce worth our *Scorn*!

But,

on several Occasions. 265

But, as the *Gemm* appears distinctly bright,
'Midst vulgar *Stones*, involv'd in Shades of Night;
True *Greatness* most superior Worth displays,
When with false *Lustre* we compare its *Rays*.
Pleas'd, I behold the Opposition stand,
Approve the Work, and bless the *Master's* Hand.
No better I my *Fondness* cou'd express!
No fitter Name for *Patronage* address!

Pardon, my *Lord*, th' Ambition of my Mind:
Duty and *Love* can hardly be confin'd;
They press officious, where true Merit dwells,
And are more rude, the more the Man excels.
Tho' none on *Flatt'ers* looks with greater Pain,
And views *unletter'd Lords* with more disdain;
I wou'd Encomiums, well deserv'd, bestow,
Nor think it servile to be praising you.

Impure

Impure *Allays* may noblest Coin debase;
But upright *Sterling* with Applause will pass.

The Man, whose Vertues shew his noble Blood,
Can risque his Fortune for his Country's Good;
Abhors all selfish, mean and private Ends;
Relieves the Needy, and obliges Friends;
Ne'er from the golden Rules of Order swerves;
Nor fears the Stings of Envy, nor deserves;
Who ev'ry Thing at its just Value rates;
Nor courts blind Fortune's bounteous Gifts, nor
Hates;
And, 'midst the Charms of Nature, and of Art,
Is modest still, and humble in his Heart:
'Tis *He*, that best deserves our chosen Lays —
A Man, so great, 'tis impious not to Praise,
No feign'd Perfections, from another brought,
Need here, to make a Character, be wrought.

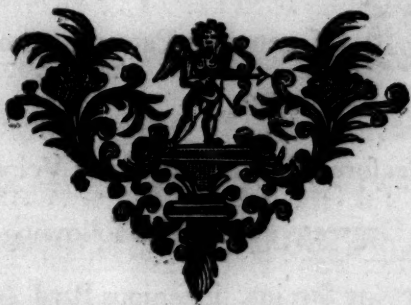
Tun'd

on several Occasions. 267

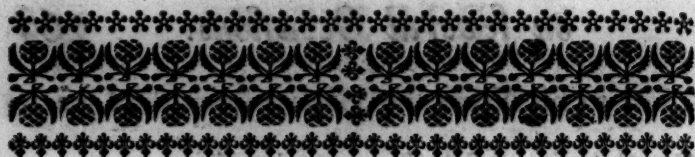
Tun'd to his Name, no *Flattery* stains the Lyre,
Nor *Compliment* supplies pretended Fire.

He all the *Muses'* Homage shou'd receive,

If I cou'd write, and you, my Lord, forgive,



T O



T O

Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.



READING your Works, and looking o'er
the List

Of generous Patrons, who your Muse
assist,

I felt a Pleasure, thrilling thro' my Veins,
That, by Degrees, inspir'd the following Strains.
The following Strains, ingenious Bard, impart,
Without Reserve, the Language of my Heart.
No Season's late, to prove my Muse your Friend;
'Tis yours to pardon what I fondly send.

A friendly

A friendly Letter needs no studied Phrase :
Art looks affected in familiar Lays.
To diff'rent Themes a diff'rent Style is fit,
And he, who hits it, is the wisest Wit.
What obvious Blunders some conceited Bards,
Who rhyme for Sport, or scribble for Rewards,
For Want of genuine Inspiration make ?
They, like Night-Wanderers *This* for *That* mistake.
Sliding, they fall, and, in their soaring, strain.
Their Toil is trivial, and their Pleasure Pain.
Describing Streams, and drawing Carpet-ground,
They bounce the Air, and dun our Ears with sound.
Attempting Scenes of Blood and Death to sing,
They cool our Spirits, as they moult their Wing:
The Bard, who knows his Muses' Strength aright,
Proportions well his Language to his Flight:

Beyond

Beyond his Sphere he labours not to shine.
 This Praise, O *Ramsay*, is deserv'dly thine.
 Knowing the Themes adapted to your Skill,
 None else you sing, and never sing 'em ill.
 Nature fits easy in what you rehearse,
 And smiles Distinction on your flowing Verse.
 Writing to you, your happy Way I'd chuse ;
 Who copies Thine, has Nature for his Muse.
 Thoughts from the Subject, Words from Thoughts^{arise,}
 The Words all Musick, and the Thoughts all Wise.

By various Avocations, leisure Time
 Is not allow'd me, to declare in Rhime,
 How much I value each, particular, Piece!
 How frequent Readings more Desire encrease!
 What Beauties glow in ev'ry finish'd Line!
 What Judgment form'd, and manag'd, each Design!

The

The mighty Task, for casual Verse unfit,
 Requires much Time, and more than *B——t's* Wit.
B——t, in friendly Frolick, show'd his Skill —
 I leave to Criticks, whether well, or ill.
 'Tis mine to praise — for what is got by Spite?
 For Pleasure, not to fully Fame, I write.
 Like you, I look on furly Censurers down,
 Yet, more than others, cou'd reproach my own.
 Good Sense and Nature, like eternal Truth,
 Will always flourish with unfading Youth.
 True Worth the Test of Time will bravely stand,
 And silent Rev'rence from its Foes command.

But, if I may distinguish, from the Rest,
 A Master-piece, or, what I think is best:
 Tho' all you've writ deserve my *Muse's* Praise,
 My favourite * *Christ's Kirk* merits most the Bays.

* A Poem, by Mr. Ramsay.

There

There Nature shines, and *there* the Charms of Art.
 Display Low-life, and catch the Reader's Heart.
 Humour gives Judgment an engaging Grace,
 And royal * JAMES to you resigns his Place.
 Rare Prince, whose Bays were richer than his Crown!
 Rare Bard, to whom that Prince transfers Renown!
 So *Merit* ever stronger proves than *Name*,
 And Fame it self admits Degrees of Fame.
 While I, with Justice, what is publish'd praise,
 I blame the Want, I mourn for, in your Lays.
 Profuse of comick and diverting Wit,
 You seldom on a serious Subject hit.
 Seldom a Thought on Life's great Bufiness spend.
 So far you difregard the *Muses'* End,
 (Nor for my Freedom think me less your Friend.)

* King *James* the Fifth of *Scotland*, began the Poem call'd
 CHRIST'S KIRK.

On several Occasions. 273

From Heav'n your sacred Inspiration came.
Too faint Returns you breathe of heav'nly Flame.
Facetious Lines we, once, with Joy repeat;
They're gay Deserts, but too, too, weakly Meat!
Religious, Verse from such a popular Pen,
Might, more than Preaching, tame ungovern'd Men.
Your sad Neglect, it seems, the *Clergy* took —
I find no *Reverend* Names before your Book.
If e'er the World a second Volume crave,
Dear RAMSAY, show you sometimes can be grave.
PRIOR, a Bard of equal Fame! is proud
T' appear, on some Occasions, greatly good.
• And HILL, himself, his *Seraph* Muse employs
On sacred Themes, and spurns at trifling Joys.
Humour awhile may, like a Meteor, last,
But solemn Verse will ever stand the Test.

Thus antient Poets gain'd eternal Fame:
The noblest Garlands crown the noblest Flame.
I, thrown by Fate amid the *Syren* Charms,
Too oft, like you, forsake Religion's Arms.
Nor feel I Pain for ev'ry devious Verse,
That Friends, or Humour, tempt me to rehearse.
Yet, when cool Judgment rules my Muse again,
With SALEM's King, I own, that all is vain.
We never more improve the Talents giv'n,
Than, when our Works are most ally'd to Heav'n.
While persecuted by malicious Tongues
Of partial Zealots, for my well-meant Songs,
To You, no Bigot, I declare my Mind,
And prove my Foes dishonest, as unkind:
But *Priests* will still, where Craft prevails, be blind.
Whom they resolve to banish from their *Fold*,
No Means can save, but pow'ful Bribes of Gold.

Good

upon several Occasions. 275

Good Sense, and Truth in naked Dress, in vain,
'Gainst holy Wrath their Stations wou'd maintain.
Ill-temper'd Zeal, like Powder fir'd, drives on;
The Object, mark'd, is sure to be undone.

But whither does my Fancy, reinless, rove?
How far from first Intention am I drove?
Minds, one way turn'd, the Forms of Art forget:
Freedom of Speech makes Intercourse compleat.
So Rivers, meeting, mix their mighty Store,
And o'er the Mounds in rude *Meanders* roar.

O happy RAMSAY, whom no Sects pursue!
To whom all Parties yield a righteous Due!
° Plac'd in a lucky Sphere of Life, you shine:
The Great and Small to raise your Fame combine.
The lowly, one of their own Rank admire,
For 'tis but rare they boast celestial Fire.

The noble Smile, to see themselves outshone,
And, more than Art, the Pow'r of Nature own,
All gladly give the Palm your Genius claims,
And none your Muses' gay Productions blames.
Whate'er is wanting, what she sings is well,
And shews the Seeds that in your Bosom dwell.
A Man's a Man, altho' not sev'n Foot high —
Andreon was no Dwarf in Poetry.

Tho' HOMER shone the mighty Soul of Verse,
The *minor Poets* sweetly could rehearse.
Without HILL'S Strength, and POPE'S harmonious Flow,

The Muse's Fire in GAY and ME may glow.

Proceed, my Friend, to tame the savage Foes,
Who grin at all but their cogenial Prose;
Reform the Taste of CALEDONIA'S Brood:
Your Way must take, as easiest understood.

By

on several Occasions. 277

By small Degrees, the Language will refine,
'Till *Sterling English* in our Numbers shine.
Then, ev'n our vulgar, shall, delighted, read
More polish'd Strains, and on their Beauties feed.

I joy to see the *Scotian* Youth display
Such early Dawnings of a glorious Day!
Great Things from Promise of their Muse is due!
Things! to a long, beclouded Nation new!
The World shall own, that as our Soldiers fight,
Our rising Poets, as illustrious, write.
The Senate, Pulpit, and the Bar, shall tell
What Energy can make the Man excel.
They, who their Boast to Inspiration owe,
Shall, o'er their Fellows, just Distinction show.
Succeed my Wishes, ye propitious Pow'rs,
And make, at length, the *British* Glory ours.

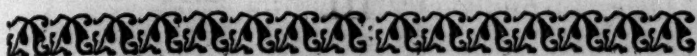
I, late, an humble Helper to the Nine,
Who joy'd to see my Country's Glory shine,
Fond, to my Pow'r, to wipe Reproach away,
And 'midst the Snows a blazing Flame display,
Now, doom'd by my inexorable Foes,
Attach'd to Dullness, and enslav'd by Prose,
Have bid my Friends and native Air adieu,
And Fortune in more gracious Realms pursue ;
Here, from my Feet, the Dust, with Sorrow, throw,
And, where stiff *Cant* can never reach me, go.

Where'er, O RAMSAY, Chance my Course may
bend,

Be thou, as I am, an unshaken Friend.

Away Despair, inglorious Fears, be gone,

I'll hope the best. — 'Tis Virtue leads me on!



A
H Y M N
T O T H E
M U S E S.

I.

L E T Praise and Glory be ascrib'd
To Sister Muses, three Times three!
Whose sacred Energy, imbib'd,
Has made a tuneful Bard of me.

II.

See! see! the mighty Charmers sit,
With Instruments of heav'nly Make,
Around the holy Well of Wit,
And, from dull Prose, their Votaries wake!

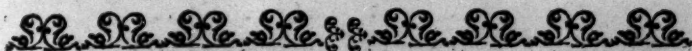
III.

By them inspir'd, my Soul takes Wing,
And, thro' the Air, triumphant, flies!
How Mortals gape, to hear me sing!
And stare, to see me mount the Skies!

IV.

While Sacrifices, to your Praise
Are offer'd, by my grateful Pen,
Adorn, ye Nine, with verdant Bays,
Your Priest, for Evermore, *Amen.*





T O

Mr. M-----

M— regard what honest MITCHELL says,
No *Hireling* he, no *Prostitute* for Praise!—

With strong, and healthy *Constitution* blest,

Nor *Colds*, nor *Claps*, have yet your Youth distressed.

Bravely successful, now, you hold a Strife

With all the Ills, that pest *gallantish* Life.

Yet be advis'd, to act with cautious Care,

And, timely, for the worst Events prepare.

Diseases steal upon the human Frame,

And, slighted long, like *ÆTNA*, vomit Flame.

Danger is surest, when th' Approach is slow ;

'Tis best to shun a meditated Blow.

Next,

Next, tho' your *Dress*, extravagantly gay,
 Outrivals others, both at Court, and Play,
 (A harmless Pleasure, that the gentle Muse
 Will ne'er to sprightly Youths, like you, refuse.)
 Yet, O, beware of Pride's presumptuous Spring,
 Nor rate your Value by so vain a Thing.
 What Wisdom dictates but sedately scan,
 You'll find, that *Cloaths* ne'er constituted *Man*.
Virtue is not, by pompous *Drapery*, shown:
 The *Mind*'s the Standard, which makes *Merit* known
 Chiefly, dear Youth, beware of snaring *Game*,
 Nor risque too far thy *Fortune*, and thy *Fame*.
 What tho' Success has thy *Adventures* crown'd,
 'Tis difficult to *stand on slipp'ry Ground*.
 By *Syren* Charms, the wise have oft been snar'd,
 Mankind can ne'er be too much on their Guard,
 And Safety lyes in being well prepar'd.

 }
 Foresee

Foresee your Danger with Discernment's Eye,
The Ruin's large, when Mortals fall from high.
'Tis Prudence to secure a certain Store,
And hazard only little Sums, for more.
Better to lose a Trifle, than to run
The Risque of being all, at once, undone.

M— these Truths, tho' cloath'd in simple Rhime,
Will useful prove, if ponder'd well, in Time.
If e'er their Force command your due Regard,
Remember MITCHELL was a friendly *Bard*,
Who fought not, but in *Virtue's* self, Reward.



T O

Mr. M-----L.

TH O', under Stars auspicious, born,
 And best *Brocades* thy Back adorn;
 Tho' *Slander* can't thy *Outside* blame,
 And *Fortune* favours Thee, in *Game*;
 Tho' *Ladies* view Thee with Delight,
 And wish Thee with 'em all the Night;
 Tho' *Beau's*, at Bottle, and at Play,
 Court thy lov'd Presence all the Day:
 Yet *Something* still is unpossess't,
 That might give Sanction to the rest;
 That cruel *Something*, not obtain'd,
 Eclipses all the Glories gain'd;

For

For Want of *Fame* is but Disgrace

To Charms of Person, Purse, or Place.

Trust me, gay Youth, the World is vain,

And Life's a Course of Care and Pain;

A Bubble all, that breaks and dies,

Unless the Man immortal rise.

The Brave and Wise, in ev'ry Age,

Have try'd the Goddess to engage;

Ambition, worthy human Minds!

What few, among the many, finds.

But two Ways only *Fame* is won!

By deathless *Verse*, and *Actions* done:

Happy are they, who nobly strive,

To keep themselves, by *Worth*, alive!

Whose *proper* Works, and Virtues, claim

A Title to the Prize of *Fame*!

But

But ah! how rare is native *Worth*?

How seldom are the *Great* brought forth?

O *M*—— can'st thou not succeed,

By some bright, meritorious, Deed,

Find'st thou it hard to grow divine

By any glorious Act of thine?

Then hire a *Bard*, whom Heav'n inspires,

With sacred Raptures, holy Fires;

To *Him* thy *Life*, thy *Fame*, commit;

He'll raise Thee by *immortal Wit*!

Great AGAMEMNON's self had dy'd,

If HOMER had not Death defy'd:

Nor had we heard MECENAS' Name,

Had HORACE not transfer'd his Fame.

'Tis poor to live obscure, unknown,

And die remember'd, prais'd, by none.

Thou

on several Occasions. 287

Thou easily thy self can'st save,

From dull Oblivion, in the Grave.

The Pow'r of Verse may set thee free! —

Others have Bards — *Thou* may'st have *Me*.

What tho' I sing Thee not, for Nought?

Is *Immortality* dear bought?

Shall simple Shakeing of the *Dice*

But once, for *me*, be thought high Price?

Does *M* — rate his *Game* so high,

To grudge a *Chance* for such as *I*?

No sure — altho' 'twere but in Jest,

Win *fifty* Pounds for *Me*, at least.

CHA — I dare be bold to swear,

Wou'd hardly judge a *Thousand* dear.

For *Fame's* a Gem, so rich and rare,

No Cost can earn it every where.

If

If *M*—loves it, speak in Time,—
To *Morrow* I may want my Rhime.
Perhaps too, *Chance* may play the Jade,
And thy *Success* run Retrograde.



VERSES

TO HIS GRACE

J O H N,

Duke of ARGYLE and GREENWICH.

With Verses on Mr. KENNETH CAMPBELL'S
posthumous Money.

ILLUSTRIOUS CAMPBELL! like thy noble Race,
Soldier and Statesman, fam'd in War and Peace!

Patriot of publick Liberty and Law!

The good Man's Refuge, and the Villain's Awe!

In Arts and Sciences a Master own'd!

For Taste, Politeness, and Address renown'd!

Standard of Honour! Darling of the Brave!

Lov'd by the Fair! The Friend, that Poets crave,

Whose very Looks their Labours damn or save!

VOL. I.

U

Deign

Deign to accept the Homage of a *Bard*,
Who never *basely* truckled for Reward,
Nor, by a *venal Verse*, wou'd buy Regard:
Who, ev'n to *Thee*, a *sordid Song* disdains,
To *Thee*! whose *Name* might sanctify his Strains;
Whose gracious Smiles wou'd popular Praise bestow,
And make his Mole-hill Fame a Mountain grow!
By *flatt'ring Pow'r*, let others earn *Renown* —
Let me *deserve* it, or remain *unknown*.
Ne'er may my *Muse*, or Fame or Fortune share,
Which *Merit* gave her not Pretence to wear.
But, sure, there's *Merit* in an *honest Aim*:
A *just Ambition* makes a *rightful Claim*.
Why then neglected have I lain so long?
Or why so late, to *Thee* address'd my *Song*?
To *Thee*, who (wert thou but my Patron) soon
Cou'd make my *Midnight* brighten into *Noon*.

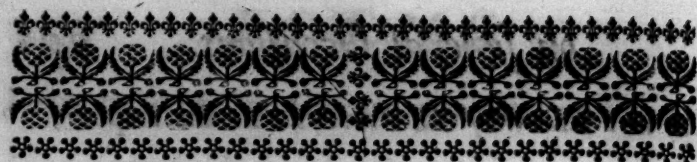
Ah no! Else why did CAMPBELL die so poor;

—But CAMPBELL had no pleading *Merit*, sure!

Had he *deserv'd*, ARGYLE had fill'd his *Fob*,

And made a DIVES of the wretched JOB.



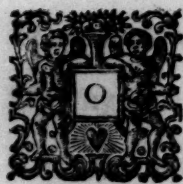


V E R S E S,

On Sight of an *Half-Penny*, found
in Mr. KENNETH CAMPBELL'S
Pocket, after his Death.

The following Inscription was engrav'd
upon it by a surviving Friend.

" KENNETHUS CAMPBELL, *Scoto-Montanus*,
" *Poeta Romanus, celeberrimus; Poetice pauperime*,
" *sed hilariter, vixit: Tandemque, hoc Obolo, tantum*
" *Locuples! ex Londino migravit in Elysium, 28 Kal.*
" *Jul. 1721.*



NE Half-Penny was CAMPBELL'S
latest Store!

A poor Estate! — but HOMER had
no more!

From

On several Occasions. 223

From Town to Town, the old, dark, *Grecian* strol'd,
And, Piecemeal, first, his Ballad *Iliad* fold.
Dire Fate of Genius! wond'rous strange—but true!
Rarely to meet, 'till after Death, its Due!
The most deserving, often, suffers most;
For Sterling Worth, on half Mankind, is lost.
Blockheads and Fools were favour'd and admir'd,
When Heav'n-born Bards, in Penury, expir'd.
O let it not, in foreign Lands, be said,
The *British* Poets scarce are blest with Bread.
From *France*, and *Italy*, withhold the News,
Lest Strangers triumph o'er our Taste, and Muse,
Tell not, that BACON miserably dy'd!
SPENCER was starv'd! and JOHNSON'S Art descry'd!
Neglected, and obscure, great MILTON lay:
He writ to Moles, who cou'd not gaze his Day!

BURLEIGH, the Prince of Pleasantry and Wit,
Was damn'd by those, for whom he, zealous, writ;
In a mean Garret he resign'd his Breath,
And was ev'n grudg'd a Burying after Death!
The Church, he serv'd, to Merit, prov'd so blind!
But seldom Church, and Charity, are join'd!
OTWAY, in tragic Numbers, match'd by none,
Whose poor MONIMIA never wept alone,
For his own Wants, cou'd never move a Tear!
Like Adders deaf, all stop'd a gracious Ear.
At last, from all the World, he step'd aside,
And, quite discourag'd, in an Ale-House, dy'd.
LEE, fir'd with an Enthusiastic Rage,
Was judg'd a Madman, by a madder Age,
That made him beg, from Door to Door, his Bread,
And die, at last, upon the Streets, in Need.

upon several Occasions. 295

Fam'd WICHERLY, in Satyr's Province great,
Seven Years, in Prison, struggled with his Fate;
While worthless Scriblers flourish'd in the Town,
And, from his Ruins, scrap'd their vile Renown.

DRYDEN—who does not mighty DRYDEN know?
From whom, with Ease, harmonious Numbers flow,
Who both the Language, and the Muse, improv'd,
Whose Reason charm'd the Men! whose Lays the
Virgins lov'd!

By his Contemporaries was despis'd,
And, oft, to mobbish Rivals sacrific'd.

Never at Ease his Circumstances were:

His poor Estate cou'd scarce his Corps inter.

Yet, on his Funeral, who were not profuse?

His Dust they worship'd, when they starv'd his Muse!

Preposterous Piety! to give one Meat,

But not before he is too old to eat!

TATE, honest TATE! in Spite of Virtue, press'd,
Neglected, liv'd, and dy'd, at length, distress'd.

His being good exeem'd him not from Woe:

Men minded him no more, for being so!

He was found guilty of the common Vice

Of Poetry—Enough to damn him twice!

PHILLIPS, whose Name, while Cyder's drunk, and
while

One splendid Shilling's found in *Britain's* Isle,

Shall ever live, with an un-envy'd Praise,

Like his ill-fated Brothers, pin'd away his Days.

It is not strange to see a Poet sad:

Oppression makes the wisest Spirit mad!

To see a Blockhead, or a Fool, in Place,

While, he, in Spite of Merit, meets Disgrace;

What Man of Soul, and conscious of Desert,

Can keep, in Tune, the Passions of his Heart?

But

But what has been, will evermore be done —
 Britons, like Jews, will worship Stock, or Stone,
 Or Satan's self — but grudge a just Regard
 To GOD Almighty, and his favourite Bard!
 Be sure the Poet is the least admir'd,
 Whom Heav'n, with an uncommon Flame, inspir'd,

CAMPBELL! let others, in the vulgar Cant,
 Condemn your Conduct, and deride your Want —
 I'll sing your Genius, spite of all Mankind;
 Not wonder why you left no *more* behind,
 But how, at Death, *this* Half-Penny remains,
 To fraught your Shade to the *Elysian* Plains!
 When Tomb-Stones, Monuments, and Pillars, waste,
 Your poor, Poetic, Legacy shall last:
 The Muses' Sons, at *Glasgow's* learned Seat,
 Will save the sacred Relict from consuming Fate.



A N

E P I T A P H

O N A

G L U T T O N.

HERE lies a Man, who cou'd devour
A Month's Provision, in an Hour,

A Calf, of *Pharo's* lean-ribb'd Kine,

That swallow'd, at each Bit, a Chine;

Yet Men thought Famine was his Cafe,

So meagre look'd his harpy Face.

When Meat is dear, and Money rare,

We well his Company might spare;

N A

As

As well it was for all Mankind,
In Noah's Ark he ne'er had din'd;
For clean, and unclean, at a Meal,
Had been, at once, devour'd Wholesale,

Mortals, rejoice, that he's no more—
For had he liv'd but till Threescore,
Great HERCULES had ne'er been able
To clean his vast *Augëan* Stable.

To an HUMOURIST, who married
a most ugly superannuated Maid.

— — — — *ab Miser*
Quanta laboras in Charybdi!
Digne Puer meliore Flamma. Hor.

O DS Zoekers, honest, gallant, HARRY,
What put it in thy Head to marry?
Or,

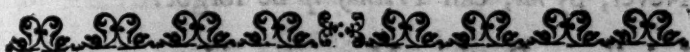
Or, if thou could'st not help thy Fate,
Why did'st thou chuse a *monstrous Mate*?
What Man, that wore his Eyes aright,
Wou'd couple with her, in Day Light?
She's such a huddled, ill-made Thing,
Sure, Nature's Pow'rs lay slumbering,
When she was form'd. Upon my Life,
Thou'st got the *Devil of a Wife*.
Damnation's scarce a greater Curse,
Than *This*, for *better and for worse*.
Nay, be not angry — for no Muse
In Conscience can thy Deed excuse:
And mine, instead of hearty Hailing, —
Can hardly be with-held from Railing.
Who ever saw so wide a *Mouth*,
Stretch'd, like the *Poles*, from North to South?

The *Lips* how thin! the *Teeth* how black!
 That fallow *Skin*! that Bow-bent *Back*!
 These hagg'd *Eyes*! this tow'ring *Nose*!
Breath, that outvies *Beargarden*, pos!
 In *Her*, all Imperfections meet,
 And every one outtinks *Fish-street*!
 Phy, HARRY, wert thou in thy Senses?
 But 'tis in vain to make Defences.
 Ha! now, I think, by this Alliance,
 Thou bid'st all *Jealousy* Defiance:
 And, whilst *we Fools* our Senses please,
 Thou cur'st thy *Lust* by a *Disease*.
 Others, with little Toil and Care,
 Address, and doat upon the Fair:
 But *Thou*, great Hero, durst encounter
 Deformity it self, and mount her,

Like

Like brave *Saint GEORGE*, thou lay'st thy Leg on
The Top of this prodigious *Dragon*;
And boldly break'st, advent'rous Deed!
The Barriers of her *Maiden-Head*.
Now sleep, my Friend, in full Content—
No Man will steal thy Punishment.
'Twou'd be a double Crime to break
Thy *Orchard*, for thy *Fruitage*' Sake.
But, when old Age, or Sicknefs, raze
And ruin many a goodly Face;
Thou, to thy Comfort, may'st rejoice,
To see the Wisdom of thy Choice.
As Nought can mend, so Nought by Force,
Can make thy Favourite *Night-Piece* worse.





T O

AARON HILL, *Esq;*

TO you, great Man, and my distinguish'd
Friend,

A Writ of *Zeal* and *Vanity* I send,

From fair *EDINA*, *Caledonian* Pride!

Where I, a-while, (so help me *GOD!*) reside.

Stiff, and unlabour'd, as our *Northern* Climes,

You'll find the Genius of your *MITCHELL's* Rhimes;

Yet rather chose I, to deserve your Frown,

Than not the Debts of generous Favours own.

In vain, the Pow'r of Absence wou'd remove

The fix'd Impressions of obliging Love.

Never,

Never, by *me*, can *Friendship* be forgot:

I challenge *Death* its Memory to blot.

The humane Soul may change its Place, and State;

But *Gratitude* and *Love* on its *Existence* wait.

Yet pardon, Sir, th' Impertinence of Verse,

To such, as you, 'tis Boldness to rehearse

In measur'd Phrase; I own my self too free:

But you have made an *Impudent*, of *Me*.

Your kind Indulgence *braß'd* my *Muse's* Brow:

Your Candour will forgive her Kindness, now.

O cou'd I imitate your lofty Lays,

Abhorrent from the vulgar Flights to Praise!

But who, like *HILL*, can raise his ev'ry Thought,

And sing, as boldly, as your * *GIDEON* fought?

High o'er the verseful Throng, you stand, alone,

Afferting boundless Fancy's rightful Throne:

* *GIDEON*, an Epic Poem by *Aaron Hill*, Esq;

Others

Others their soft, their sickly, Numbers boast,
Where all the sacred Energy is lost.
Them Soul-less Readers eagerly admire,
And, with uplifted Eyes, at every Line expire.
Harmonious Sounds supply the Want of Sense,
And Inspiration sinks, in flowing Eloquence!
A different Taste (I thank thee, Heav'n!) is mine;
Let *me* have Verse, enforc'd by *Heav'n* Divine.
I love the Lays, that, like a Genius, rise,
And strike the Soul, with Wonder and Surprise;
Where innate Virtues tow'r a MILTON's Flight,
And steer the Work, with MARO's Judgment, right.
Give me the *Poet*, whose prodigious Thought,
(Tho' to the Plainness of Prose-writing brought)
Can still its Godlike Dignity maintain,
And just Applause of true Discernment gain.

But I, no *Critick!* cautious, must forbear,
To publish what may meet Damnation *here*.
Tho' us'd to Freedom, in more *Sunny* Climes,
Here must I padlock my rebellious Rhimes.
'Tis best to stifle all *uncommon* Thoughts,
Where *Elegancies* are arraign'd, as *Faults*.

How wou'd you wonder at my alter'd Cafe,
Cou'd you behold me walk, with *Spanish Pace*,
Affected Gravity, and *solemn Face*?

In *Coffee-houses*, wage a War with Wit!
At *Church*, as formal, as the *Parson*, fit,
With Eyes, new-disciplin'd precisely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the *white*!
While making Visits, quarrel with the Age!
Lampoon the *Muses*, and the modern *Stage*!
Decclaim against new-fashion'd *Coats* and *Wigs*!
And worry all the *Independent Whigs*!

upon several Occasions. 307

Still, thus restrain'd, had I but liv'd, and wrote,

I had, long since, fair *Testimonials* got.

Perhaps, in Honour of my *Dullness*, too,

I had e'en grac'd a *Pulpit-Throne*, ere now:

And, like cogenial *Craftsmen*, learnt the Way,

T' enrich my self, and dupe the World astray:

An useful Art, in which the *Priests* excel!

—But * GORDON best their *Mysteries* can tell.

Mean while, a *Priest* to PHOEBUS and the *Nine*,

My *Stipend* scarce affords inspiring Wine:

(So be my *Faults*, whatever *Faults* there be,

Imputed to the *Times*, and not to *me*.)

This, by the Spirit of my Verse you'll guess,

And wonder I shou'd venture on the Press.

But think, my Friend, what's *Herefy* with you,

With us is honest, Orthodox, *True-Blue*.

X 2

'Tis

* Mr. T. GORDON, Author of the celebrated Papers, call'd
The Independent Whig. Modest Apology for Parson Alberoni, &c.

'Tis Odds, but my *Prosaic* Numbers please;
 For Readers *here* love Verses writ with *Ease*.
 Mankind (and who can blame them?) relish best
 The *Entertainments*, suited to their *Taste*.
 Hence our *Trans-Tweedale Poets*, when they print,
 (Tho' you shou'd swear you see no Beauty in't.)
 Affect a Sort of Writing, that goes down,
 Like sugar'd Plumbs, in this devoted Town.
 Thus *CLARK, and KER, write *Palinodes* and *Sonnets*,
 Adapted to the Genius of *Blue Bonnets*;
 While HAMILTOUN, and PENNYCUICK, compose,
 To the same Tune, a Sort of jingling Prose.
 Ev'n Poet RAMSAY, in *Parnassus* fam'd,
 The *common-Guttherum* of the Muses nam'd!
 (Tho' RAMSAY cou'd assert the true *Sublime*,)
 Intent on Cash, pursues the vulgar Rhime.

'Twou'd

* Several Cotemporary Bards, known by their proper Names and Works, in *North-Britain*.

'Twou'd break his Stock o'er *common Vogue* to rise!
Above our Hemisphere there's nought but hungry
Skies.

How great the Curse, if such, alone, shou'd stand
The modern Classicks of my native Land?

A higher Spirit did our Country boast, —

But ah! the antient Energy how lost!

DOUGLAS, BUCHANAN, DRUMMOND, and the rest,

Of Fame immortal! different Sense express'd.

Heav'ns! what Ideas fill'd each mighty Mind!

Their Works appear'd the Mirrour of Mankind!

Nor judg'd the *Readers* worse than *Poets* writ:

They ne'er paid Money, but for Sterling Wit.

Then Giants liv'd! — but stop, my pious Muse,

And you, my Friend, my melting Grief excuse.

Then SCOTIA was a Kingdom, fam'd! and free!

Each Subject *then* his native Prince might see!

Kings, in Succession, grac'd the ancient Throne!
Nor fought, nor envy'd Nations, not their own!
Beneath their Influence, Arts and Arms cou'd live,
And every Thing, but modern Vices, thrive.
The *Roman* Eloquence they Captive made,
And dar'd their conquering Pow'rs our Glory to invade
But ah! how faln! How low our Honours lie!
— Yet pass we this severe Reflection by,
And hail the Sister-Lands! O may they prove
Rivals in Virtue, Loyalty, and Love;
By GEORGE'S Wisdom, and resistless Might,
Abroad still conquer, and at Home unite.

Yet judge aright, nor misconstrue my Sense:
We want not Spirits, bold in Wit's Defence;
Men of just Taste, and Elegance refin'd,
Whose Names adorn the Arts, that most adorn the
Mind.

Long

on several Occasions. 311

Long may such Patrons grace our antient Isle!
Ne'er may we want a STAIR, and an ARGYLE!
The MAILLANDS, by *Hereditary Right*,
Are fix'd the *Muses'* Glory and Delight,
Since LAUDERDALE, from MARO, snatch'd the Bays,
And, on his Name, entail'd a more than mortal
Praise.

Arts rise and fall, like other transient States;
Both they, and we, are govern'd by the Fates.
Perhaps, tho' now, the popular Taste is low,
And here and there our noble Spirits glow;
The Youth, with Godlike Majesty avow'd,
Will break, effulgent, from the common Cloud.
Already, some, disdainful servile Ways,
Begin to shew their Rapture in their Lays.
May they improve, with happier Skill, to sing
Sublimest Notes, and strike the boldest String.

'Twere vain for me, by *Fools* and *Priests*, pursu'd,
To hope Success, where I'm not understood.

'Twou'd vex me too, to see a *Blockhead's* Name,
Distinguish'd with the Patrons of my Fame.

May none, ye *Pow'rs*, but Men of *Taste*, incline,
To stand *Subscribers* to a Work of mine;

A *select List* wou'd be, indeed, my Pride!

A *Mob* is ever on the blundering Side!

When shall I next AUGUSTA's Courts admire?
When re-assume my long-neglected Lyre?

O how I long, amid the tuneful Train,

To grasp the Glories of a raptur'd Strain!

With YOU and DENNIS, POPE and CONGREVE, sit,

And shine, renoun'd, in ev'ry Kind of Wit:

With grateful Taste, enjoy the Hours of Tea,

In CLIO and MIRANDA's Company:

And,

And, when I'm blest with more compleat Delight,
Retire with fair OPHELIA, all the Night;
In her soft Arms, forget the Woes of Life,
And rise to Heav'n—for there's a Heav'n in Wife.

Time flies apace—mean while, my gen'rous Friend,
My Love to all our old Concerns commend.

Balfour and *Bowman* share, with you, my Heart:

'Tis spoke, by Nature, that takes Place of Art.

A hasty Letter has no Need of Dress,

So God b'ye, Sir— now, Boy, bespeak the Press,



T O

Sir RICHARD STEEL.

A BARD, who ne'er his Fortune wish'd to
raise,

By servile Bows, and mercenary Praise;

Who,

Who, but to Merit, never bent a Knee,
Unhoping, sends his Mite of Praise to *Thee*;
To *Thee*, whose Approbation is Reward!
Whose Favour wou'd procure his Muse Regard!
Born, where the Sway imperious Kirk-Craft bears,
And where a Muse scarce, in an Age, appears,
To *Gospel*-Notes were tun'd my early Years.
The Sage, my Sire, design'd me for a *Priest*,
And I was forc'd, to carry on the Jest.
Twice twelve Months spent I, in *scholastic* Grace,
Studied the *Sounds*, and learn'd the queer *Grimace*.
Full orthodox my *Principles* were deem'd;
And what more blameless, than my *Practice*, seem'd?
Against my Life the Kirk had no Complaint,
And I, my self, believ'd my self a *Saint*.
So much I por'd, so serious was my Look,
I cheated *others*, and *my self* mistook.

'Tis strange how Books, and Company, conspire,
 To change the very Bent of one's Desire.
 My inbred Genius Conversation dull'd,
 And Nature's Purpose, in my Make, was null'd.
 By Custom's Influence, from a sprightly Wit,
 I sunk below the Zenith of a *Cit*.
 And, had I not, with fond Ambition fir'd,
 Travel'd to see what blindly I admir'd,
 Still at EDINA, with religious Qualms,
 I *Texts* had *snivel'd*, and *Sol-fa-a'd* the *Psalms*.
 In that wild Season, when Mankind gave Scope
 To Madness, in Adventures big with Hope!
 When Store, long treasur'd, or improv'd in Trade,
 The *Lottery of Avarice* was made!
 Just as Delusion reach'd the utmost Height,
 I came, in Time, to mark the *Publick Bite*.

I saw,

I saw, and suffer'd, in the common Fate —
— But vain is Sorrow, and Relief is late!

Desp'rate, I herded with the tuneful Throng,
That grace the fair AUGUSTA with their Song;
By them infected, with *Poetick Itch*,
I further stray'd from Roads of being rich,
Long have I Payment stopt; and some complain,
That I'm ne'er like to open Purse again.

I summon all the *Muses* to my Aid;
The *Muses* fly, as if they were afraid.
No generous *Patrons* weigh my claimant Case;
They *promise*, but ne'er put me in a *Place*!
Difmal Condition! O why did I quit
The *Kirk*, in Hopes of rising by my *Wit*?
How better 'twere, to beat a *Pulpit Throne*,
Than mount PARNASSUS' Top, and be undone!

Hence

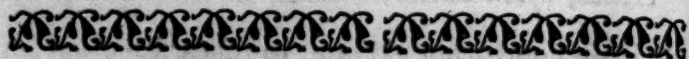
on several Occasions. 317

Hence, Syren Sisters; hence, thou God of Verse—
No more entice, nor aid me, to rehearse.

Money and Credit, Place, or Pension, now,
Is all the Shrine to which I humbly bow.
Help me to these, and, with my latest Pow'rs,
I'll sing your *Praise*, and show how much I'm yours.

And Thou, O STEEL, who want'st not WAL-
POLE's Ear,

An honest Poet's rude *Petition* hear;
Hear, and forgive — for 'tis a crying Crime
To dun your Nature with uncourtly Rhime —
And, if a lucky Minute chance to rise,
Seize it for me, and give me sweet Surprise.
'Twill cost you but a Word, to send me *North*,
T' inspect *Tobacco, Brandy* — and so forth.



A

POETICAL DREAM,

Address'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR.

LATE, wand'ring lonely, penfive, and distress'd
By winding THAMES, I laid me down to Rest:
But mimick *Fancy* kept awake my Grief,
'Till STAIR's lov'd Image rose to my Relief.

Methought, in mournful, melancholy, Strain,
As thus my *Muse* express'd my inward Pain,
The God of *Wit*, presented fair in View,
Thus sooth'd my Soul, and pointed me to *You*.

Vouch

on several Occasions. 319

Vouchsafe, my *Lord*, with Candour to regard

The Scene betwixt *APOLLO* and your *Bard*.

First I, complaining — “ O my luckless Fate!

“ Why am I, *PHOEBUS*, doom'd to such a State?

“ Why is your *Votary*, why your faithful Son

“ Neglected, scorn'd, deluded, and undone?

‘ Was it for *This* I gave my self betimes

“ To *classick* Studies, and to *Syren* Rhimes?

“ For *This*, did I devote my Youth to *Wit*?

“ For *This*, my Hopes of *Kirk-Preferment* quit?

“ Have I, perfidious to the sacred *Nine*,

“ Profan'd their *Temples* and their Fire divine?

“ Have I, in *Verse*, a Poetafter prov'd?

“ Deserve I not, alas! to be belov'd?

“ Hard Fate! that *Fidlers* and *Buffoons* find Place,

“ When *Bards* inspir'd implore, in vain, for Grace!

“ Unequal

" Unequal Fortune! bounteous to impart
 " Her Gifts to *Fools*, and starve the Sons of *Art*!

APOLLO, smiling, gently made Reply——

" Thy Complaints, dear Youth, have often reach'd our Sky.

" But check Despair—Thy various Sufferings past,

" The *Fates* decree deserv'd Success, at last.

" *Fortune* and *Merit*, grown familiar Friends,

" Will sure, tho' slowly, make a rich Amends.

Then I rejoin'd—— " How oft have I believ'd,

" And been, by flatt'ring Promises, deceiv'd;

" How vain my Hopes? How impotent my Pray'rs?

" How fleet my Joys? How constant prove my Cares?

" Alas! I fear, your Godhead' mocks my Case,

" Or hath not Pow'r to lift me to a *Place*.

" PARNASSUS' Soil is barren, and the Streams

" Of *Helicon* appear delusive Dreams.

" Too

On several Occasions. 321

- " Too peevish grown — reply'd the God of Verse —
" Thou lov'st, I find, to hear thy self rehearse.
" Indulge thy Spleen — what Profit will it bring?
" Can Railing, or Rebellion move a King?
" Rather, like *Horace*, humorously gay,
" Rise to Preferment in a pleasant Way.
" Caress the *Great*, and gain upon their Grace,
" Laugh at their Faults, and look them in the Face.
" Or, like a Changeling, ape the veering Wind,
" Unsing thy Songs, and bubble all Mankind.
" Be bold in Lies, no supple Flattery spare,
" And *Fortune's* Boons may sooner fall thy Share.
" Perish her Boons — I angrily reply'd —
" Perish my *Muse*, ere venal Means be try'd.
" Let other *Poets* prostitute their Lays;
" On vile Foundations, I'll not build my Praise.

VOL. I.

Y

" Ne'er

- " Ne'er will I sing at *Virtue's* sad Expence,
 " Nor make *Wit* war with *Honesty* and *Sense*.
 " Be *Honour* always my peculiar Guard.
 " Who forfeits *Honour*, merits no Reward.
 " Too *stoically* nice, *APOLLO* said —
 " It seems, thou scorn'st to make my *Art* thy *Trade*!
 " My *Trade*! — I answer'd — Yields it any Gain?
 " Does it enrich? Or can it Life sustain?
 " *SPENCER* it starv'd! nor far'd great *MILTON* well!
 " *JOHNSON* it sowl'd! and *BUTLER's* Case was Hell!
 " Were *DRYDEN*, *OTWAY*, *LEE*, and *OLDHAM* blest?
 " Were *Row*, and *SMITH*, and *PHILLIPS*, e'er at Rest?
 " Say, did your *Art* alone, make *PRIOR* great?
 " From it, deriv'd sweet *ADDISON* his State?
 " By it, was *CONGREVE* sav'd from Poet's Fate?
 " In you, did *STEPNEY* his Advancement find?
 " Had *POPE* no Patrimony, but his Mind?

" *Genius*

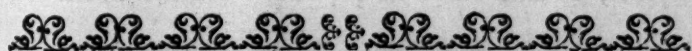
upon several Occasions. 323

- " *Genius*, without a pow'rful Friend, might die !
" 'Tis lucky *Chance* that lifts a Mortal high.
" Severe in *Virtue*! still I am thy Friend,
" And now — said *PHOEBUS* — my Advice attend;
" So shalt thou *Honour*, to thy Death maintain,
" Nor rob the World of thy *Poetick* Vein.
" Look out a *Patron*, worthy all thy Praise;
" One, who can *relish*, and *reward* thy Lays;
" Who *human-Kind*, as well as *Books*, has read;
" A generous *Heart*, and a judicious *Head*;
" Who knows thy Excellence, and will forgive
" Small *Faults*, for *Beauties*, that deserve to live.
" Be sure, the Man by innate *Worth* be great,
" Nor less distinguish'd by his *Deeds*, than *State*.
" One, who his *King* and *Country* long has serv'd;
" Amid *Temptations*, ne'er from *Honour* swerv'd;

- “ And who so far transcends your highest Strain,
“ That all Effays, to *flatter* him, were vain.
“ Alas! — said I — Intent on publick Good,
“ STAIR will not heed me in the humble Crowd.
“ Courage—quoth PHOEBUS—He deserves thy Trust,
“ If what thou seek’st be moderate and just.
“ In *Him*, thou’lt find a *Patron* to thy Mind,
“ *Great*, without *Pride*! without dissembling, Kind!
“ No *low-designing*, *fickle*, *treacherous*, Lord!
“ But *mindful* of his *Friend*, and faithful to his *Word*!
“ Attempt his *Favour*, for his *Int’rest* sue,
“ They’re never grudg’d, whose *Merit* makes them ^{[due.}
“ He’ll smile Distinction on thy honest Lays,
“ Help thee to *Place*, and eternize thy Praise.
“ Raptur’d, I wak’d, and dwelt upon my *Dream*,
And from that Hour, your *Lordship* was my Theme.

on several Occasions. 325

To You, my Service and my Pray'rs belong,
You are the Favourite *Hero* of my Song.
O may you make your MITCHELL's Case your Care!
And Heav'n's selectest Blessings crown the generous
STAIR!



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN *Earl* of STAIR,

BEFORE THE

ELECTION of Sixteen Peers for
Scotland, Anno Dom. 1722.

THE Bard, who boasts Devotion to your
Name,

And sung the good * Sir DAVID's deathless Fame,

Y 3

Pre-

* Sir David Dalrymple, Bart.

Prefumes again to interrupt your Thoughts,
With humble Sense, and unharmonious Notes.

Shou'd STAIR, regardless of a wretched Muse,
His kind Protection to my Verse refuse,
What generous *Peer*, of *Caledonian* Blood,
Or will, or can do MITCHELL's Genius Good?
Others may boast a showy Pow'r, and State —
But who, like STAIR, at once is *good* and *great*?
Be *This* your Glory still— nor scorn his Lays,
Who scorns to prove a Prostitute, for Praise.
Tho' long I've wander'd fickle Fortune's Sport,
By *Priests* pursu'd, unheeded by the *Court*,
Souls, of your Stamp, can pity and protect,
And gather Fame from other Men's Neglect.
So *Fools*, sometimes, unpolish'd Gems despise,
Whose Value, known, distinguishes the *wise*.

Permit,

Permit, my Lord, a Poet to express
 Some natural Pride, in midst of his Distress,
 I own, no Face of Fortune can controul
 The stated Virtue of my noble Soul.
 I'd rather bear the Insults of the *Base*,
 And still prefer PARNASSUS to a *Place*,
 Than *cringe* and *buckle* to my Mind's Disgrace.
 Yet I can stoop, where *Honour* gives me Leave,
 And thank the Hand, that brings me with'd Reprieve:
 Nor wou'd I, if I cou'd do better, fit
 At Home, a lazy Liver on my Wit.
 But till, ah fruitless Hope! some friendly Pow'r,
 For future Life, lays my Foundation sure,
 In Spite of *me*, this damn'd, *poetic*, Itch
 Will marr my lucky Fortune to be rich!

Now, to EDINA ev'ry *Clan* repairs,
 To chuse Directors of our *Scots'* Affairs.

My Hearr attends 'em — but the wanted Pelf
Arrests my *Muse*, a poor, abandon'd Elf!
Here I must sigh each Summer Night away,
And hide from hunting Catchpoles all the Day.
O tell it not in GATH, that sixteen *Peers*
Had but one *Bard*, and left him all in Tears.
The PHILISTINES will triumph at the News,
And mock, at once, the *Patrons*, and the *Muse*.
'Twere nobler far, before th' *Elections* come,
To *frank* your honest Poet MITCHELL Home.



MITCHELL,



MITCHELL, *Solus*,

Sitting in a thoughtful Posture : In his Hand, his Taylor's Bill, with an expostulatory Letter : Pen, Ink, and Paper, on the Table by him.

In Imitation of CATO's Soliloquy,

A N D

Humbly Inscribed to the Rt. Honourable

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

Anno Dom. 1724.

IT must be so — *Taylor*, thou reason'st well! —
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This earnest Longing, to discharge thy *Bill*?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of

Of an *Arrest*? Why shrinks the conscious Soul
 Back on her self, and startles at a *Bayliff*?
 The *Justice* of a Cause prevails within us;
 'Tis *Honesty* that points out better Days,
 And intimates ev'n *Money* to a *Bard*!
Money! thou pleasing, anxious, dreadful Thought!
 Through what Variety of untry'd Life,
 Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass?
 The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies before me;
 But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If a *Mæcenas* be,
 (And That there is, Fame publishes abroad
 Thro' *British* Realms) he must delight in Goodness;
 And That which he delights in must be happy.
 But when! or who? — at present I'm in Need,
 And dun'd for Debt — but This must bring Relief.
 (*Taking his Pen in his Hand.*)

Thus

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My Pain or Pleasure,

My Bane and Antidote are both before me.

This in a Moment claps me in a *Goal*;

But *That* informs me I shall yet be rich.

The *Muse*, secur'd by Inspiration, smiles

At sight of *Catchpoles*, and defys a *Writ*.

Nobles may perish, and the *King* himself

Submit to Fate, the very Realm be ruin'd;

But *Bards* shall flourish in immortal Youth,

Unhurt amidst the *Whig* and *Tory* Broils,

Our civil Fury, and our foreign Wars.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?

This Lethargy that creeps thro' all my Senses?

Nature, oppress'd and harass'd out with Care,

Sinks down to Dulness.— Let me drink a *Bottle*,

That my awaken'd *Muse* may wing her Flight,

Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,

An

An Off'ring fit for STAIR. Let Guilt or Fear
 Disturb Man's Rest: *Mitchell* knows neither of 'em,
 Indifferent in his Choice to live or die,
 If he, great Lord! vouchsafe me not his Favour.



To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl* of STAIR,

1724.

WHAT tho' my Dividend of Wit
 For *Preaching* made me seem unfit,
 When, 'midst an Herd of *Levites* muddy,
Creeds and *Confessions* were my Study?
 Shall Works of mine prove out of Season
 With *Laymen*, for the *Clergy's* Reason?

Does

Does *Verse* unqualify my Mind

For Offices of every Kind?

Must I despair to get a Place?

Zookers, my Lord, 'tis an hard Case !

— But tho' the World shou'd all agree,

In saying, there's no Worth in *Me*;

I dare be bold to own to you,

I'll never think the Saying true :

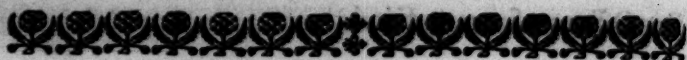
Nor, while so many Fools I spy,

Can I believe there's none but I.

Then, first, my *Lord*, my Pride forgive,

And, next, e'en help me how to live.





T H E
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT,

To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

1726.

O *Britain's* Boast, and Glory of our Times!
 Belov'd at Home! Renown'd in foreign Climes!
 Thou *Courtier, Hero, Patriot*, ever dear!
 The *Muses'* Friend! to me, the kindest *Peer*!
 My first, great *Patron*! and the only *Lord*,
 • Who ne'er to *Mitchell* meanly broke his Word!
 How shall a grateful *Bard* his Debt discharge?
 So poor his Stock, and his Arrears so large!

How

on several Occasions. 335

How shall my *Muse* my Heart's *Resentment* sing?
What due *Return* for heaps of *Favours* bring?
Can *Verse* of mine, can *Life* it self, suffice
To pay my *Duty*, and unloose my *Ties*?
No! thou hast found the *Secret* to controul
The Whole of *Mitchell*; thou hast bound his *Soul*!
Delightful *Thralldom*! such a *Slave* to be,
Is *Happiness*; 'tis more than being *free*!
Then, speak, my *Lord*; command me as thy own—
But 'tis too much; the *Service* were *Renown*!
Thy ev'ry *Smile* wou'd animate my *Lays*,
And *Fame* immortal issue from thy *Praise*.
Yet is it so? am I indeed *belov'd*?
Have I, O *STAIR*, thy *favourite Poet* prov'd?
Whence this to me? why shou'd'st thou condescend
To read, to praise, to cherish, and defend,

My

My humble *Muse*? have I deserv'd thy Grace?
And do'st thou stoop to lift thy *Bard* to *Place*?
Yes, envious *Fellow-Poets* I am blest;
Fret, rail, and rage, ye *Criticks*, at my Rest.
STAIR is my *Patron*; nor disdains to own,
That *raising me* impairs not his *Renown*.
Without Foundation wou'd he build my Fame?
No: from this Hour, I'll vindicate my Claim,
I'll dare to think there's Merit in my *Muse*,
Defy your Censure, and exalt my Views.
By STAIR indulg'd and introduc'd, I see
The *Fair* and *Brave* already Friends to me.
They frankly join to Patronize my Lays,
Reward my Toil, and prompt me on to Praise.
O cou'd I, grateful, in exalted Verse,
Proclaim his Virtues, and his Deeds rehearse!

On several Occasions. 337

No boasted *Greek*, or *Roman*, Name shou'd shine,

And be esteem'd more glorious and divine.

No *borrow'd* Praise, no *Common-Place* Renown,

Shou'd mix his Godlike Character to crown:

But native Merit the great Basis prove,

And just Encomiums Men's Devotion move.





To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

On the DEATH *of*

The Right Honourable

Sir David Dalrymple, *Baronet,*

His MAJESTY'S Advocate for North Britain.

*Quis Desiderio fit Pudor aut modus
Tam chari Capitis? ——— H O R.*

A Bard, whom no contending Party sways,
Who never *Worth*, by *Wealth*, or *Title*, weighs,
Untaught to flatter, and unbrib'd by Gain,
To you, my Lord, directs his doleful Strain:

A Strain

upon several Occasions. 339

A Strain, that makes a Kingdom's Sorrow known,
Inspir'd by generous Suffering, like your own.

Uncommon Losses claim uncommon Woe,
Which vulgar Numbers cannot justly show.

A Patriot's Death, and *such* a Patriot too,
When wanted *most*, and Patriots are so *few*,
Demands our *Tears*; and, on the hallow'd Hearse,
A HILL, or POPE, shou'd strow immortal Verse.
They, powerful *Genii*! equal to the Theme,
Cou'd sing his Soul, and weep themselves to Fame.

I, but a nameless Novice! humbly pay

My zealous Duty to distinguish'd Clay:

Happy, if I can Nature's Dictates trace,

Without the servile Aids of *common Place*.

Art looks affected in our mournful Songs,

And borrow'd Pomp a pious Offering wrongs.

But what, my Lord, can Art and Nature do,
To match the Sorrow, that has seiz'd on you ?
A Sorrow, that is shar'd by all the Good,
Howe'er disjoin'd by different Rights of Blood !
Honour and Virtue feel your weighty Woe,
And reel beneath the all-afflicting Blow.
What Lover of his Country can forbear,
In spite of Faction, to be mourner here ?
DALRYMPLE, scorning specious Tricks of Art,
Rever'd his Country, with an honest Heart.
Unwearied, wou'd his generous Soul essay,
To help benighted Merit into Day.
He judg'd no Task, within his Province, hard ;
And reap'd, in Goodness, its refin'd Reward.
How frank ! how kind ! how generous ! how just !
His Conduct was ? — how faithful to his Trust ?

How

on several Occasions. 341

How learn'd in Laws? how eloquent? how wise?

Who lives, yet knows not, under *British* Skies?

O, where shall sacred, social Virtues find

Their Charms united, in another Mind?

When shall we one, so well accomplish'd, see

So humble, modest, complaisant, and free.

Together all his various Merits throw,

And let Mankind his perfect Equal show.

How was his Exit to his Life ally'd?

" I go, my Friends (and, as he said, he dy'd)

" Take my best Wishes, and believe my Love

" Shall never lessen, at the Courts above,

" There, if my Interest for you can avail,

" My Nature will not let my Labours fail.

O happy Shade! O Realms of Glory gone!

Enjoy the Rest your Course of Virtue won.

No civil Discord, no inglorious Art,
Shall ever *there* molest your ravish'd Heart.
Secure your Treasure, and confirm'd your Claim,
Immortal be your Happiness and Fame:
While we, condemn'd to drudge it here below,
By Want of You, your Value clearly know,
What art thou, Life, whose longer Stay we court?
Since Man, at best, is fickle Fortune's Sport.
Why should we wish a larger Stock of Breath?
Since Nature's Self implores Relief from Death.
Is it not better, to elude, by Flight,
The Ills to come, conceal'd from humane Sight?
Fate wisely treasures a Reserve of Woe
For those, who further, than their Line, wou'd go.
DALRYMPLE, like a wise, instructed, Guest,
Enjoy'd his Portion, and forsook the Feast.

When

When Man has got his Share of worldly Sweets,
Too soon he cannot leave unfavoury Meats.
But we, weak Mortals! by our Passions sway'd,
Mourn o'er the Dead, and are of Death afraid,
Begging for Life, we sue for more Decay,
And dread to lose what daily dies away,
Deluded Creatures! why so griev'd, to see
Our Friends, from sad Confinement here, set free?
When Death comes calm, by gentle Nature led,
Shou'd we not, joyful, croud around the Bed,
And wonder more, no envious Fate destroy'd
The lov'd, the loving, Objects, in their Pride?
Surprizing Strokes may seem, perhaps, severe —
So dy'd *Belhaven*, the Young, the Brave, the Dear:
Belhaven, the Grief, who lately was the Grace,
Of all his noble, now dejected, Race!

For ever lost — but ever to remain
Alive in Hearts, and in the Poet's Strain.
He sunk untimely, as the beauteous Rose
Is dash'd to Pieces, when a Tempest grows.
Not so DALRYMPLE, who serenely fell,
And, tir'd with Life, bid this vain World *farewell*.
He drop'd, like *Autumn-fruit*, that mellow'd long,
Prepar'd, to join the Just, cogential, Throng.

Yet suits it well Mortality to mourn,
For our own Loss, and strow the Patriot's Urn.
Nor is it Rudeness for the friendly Muse,
To moralize Affliction into Use.
Alike concerns it *great*, and *small*, to scan
The frail Estate, and future Hope, of Man.
Noble and Base are destin'd both to die.
In vain we wou'd impartial Justice fly.

No Pray'r, no Bribe, no Shew of Life, can charm
The whirling Year, and Death's tremendous Arm.

Permit, my Lord, Imagination's Flight,
And view, with me, the dreary Shades of Night.
Peruse the Dust, so lately like our own,
As much alive, and worthy fair Renown.
Observe how once-distinguish'd Names are join'd!
Where, now, is Grandeur? where a wond'rous Mind?
Which is the Noble? who shou'd be rever'd?
What Villain spurn'd at? and what Hero fear'd?
How low, proud Conquerors, are your Trophies laid?
How equal, now, are Kings and Subjects made?
Diogenes, thy Treasure is not scant:
What more does mighty *Alexander* want?
Where are thy Pinions, thou, who, late, did'st fly
From Orb to Orb? an Inmate of the Sky!

Do

Do Roses flourish on *Hellena's* Breast?

Democritus, appears the Grave a Jest?

Hear'st thou, O *Maro*, when we read thy Lays,

Do *Homer's* Atoms listen to his Praise?

Frail Life! how soon thy shewy Pride is past!

Too cruel Death! that makes such dreadful Waste!

Be taught, my Soul, with an assiduous Strife,

To manage well th' important Hours of Life.

With solemn Awe, the Ways of Truth revere,

And all thou do'st, by Wisdom's Dictates, steer,

So shall not Death, with an unfriendly Frown,

Inglorious, throw thy ruin'd Cottage down;

But, smiling, lead thee thro' the dubious Way,

And leave thee raptur'd in immortal Day.

So sings the Muse, by pious Fancy warm'd;

But, ah! how weakly is the Conduct arm'd?

We think, resolve, and make *Essays* to live;
Yet faster in the devious Courses drive,
Reason exerts her pure, celestial, Rays,
To guide our Steps thro' Errors weary Maze:
But upstart Passions mount her rightful Throne,
And blindly push our vanquish'd Judgment on,
Hence we, perversely, wander, in the Night,
Uncertain, when the Road, we take, is right,
O Nature! why so indolent in Good?
Too tempting Ills! by Passions fast pursu'd.
Happy the Man, most happy in the End!
To others useful, to himself a Friend,
Who, steel'd by Virtue, baffles ev'ry Vice,
And rates his Honour, at the highest Price:
In all Events of Fortune, stands serene,
Unshock'd by Danger, and unsowr'd by Spleen;

Views

Views Want, Disease, and Death, without Dismay,
Well pleas'd, each Eve, he has not lost the Day.
Him no vain Hopes attract, no Fears oppress,
He's great in Loss, and humble in Success :
Amidst the Snares of Courts, is ne'er enthal'd,
Nor, by Reflection, in his Pleasures pall'd :
Grey in Experience, he despises Guile,
Knows a false Cringe, and undermining Smile :
By others' Ruin, certain Safety gains,
And stands, prepar'd, to shift the transient Scenes ;
Such was DALRYMPLE, (ever be his Name
Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in future Fame)
And such, my Lord, your Character confess'd,
Is lov'd by all, of all your *Self* the best.

Did you not too, too modestly refuse
The just Encomiums of the wondering Muse ;

And

And cou'd I, equal to the glorious Theme,
By praising you, deserve a deathless Name;
No *British* Patriot sooner wou'd I sing,
Nor, from feign'd Worth, my Inspiration bring.
Your proper Merit shou'd adorn my Verse,
And Envy own the Virtues I rehearse.
But Souls, like STAIR, by some unlucky Fate,
Receive the Honours, they deserve, too late.
A thousand Years, successive, were expir'd,
Ere *Maro's* Muse *Æneas'* Acts inspir'd:
And *Trojan* Tow'rs, in Ashes, long had lain,
Ere *Homer's* Verse immortaliz'd the Slain.

NB. This POEM shou'd have follow'd immediately after the POETICAL DREAM.





An ANACREONTIQUE,

To the Right Honourable

JOHN *Earl* of STAIR:

*Occasion'd by a View of his Lordship's Wardrobe &
Sunning before their Majesties Coronation, 1727.*

Cælum ipsū petimus stultitia. HOR.

HAVE I been the special Care
Of my noble Patron STAIR?

Is, by *him*, my Muse approv'd?

Are my various Lays belov'd?

Humbly then I'll make a Leg,

And a Favour freely beg.

But

on several Occasions. 351

But 'tis not (tho' *Cash* is scant)

Place or *Pension*, that I want —

" WALPOLE (when it shall him please)

* Will prefer his *Bard* to these.

Neither seek I *Meat* or *Drink*,

Parchment, *Paper*, *Pen*, or *Ink* —

" These (or else the *Devil's* in't)

" May be earn'd by what I print.)

But the Boon, I beg of STAIR,

Is *Equipment* *debonair*,

From his *Wardrobe*, rich and gay,

For the *Coronation-Day*.

Pity *Robes*, so fine, shou'd lie,

Like a *Talent*, hid — when I,

Worthy *Poet*, want a *Sute*

With some *showy Tinsel* to't,

In

In the loyal Crowd to strut,

And a courtly Figure cut !

What tho' *Gazers* then shou'd say,

" Lord ! how *Mitchell* looks to-Day !

" Sure, *Dependence* now is past !

" Or old † *Madam's* dead at last !

Let 'em wonder, carp, and grin —

Only those shou'd laugh, who win.

Mitchell will not care a Fig,

(So he, like a Lord, looks big)

Tho' the Rascal-Rabble fwears,

That 'tis * *COLLIER'S* Coat he wears ;

Or he'as hir'd, from *Monmouth-street*,

Birth-Day Cloaths, and made them meet.

Yet the *Sute* must something lack,

Ere 'tis *fitted* for my Back !

Ah !

† *A Lady who dy'd since this Poem was written.*

* *A Gentleman remarkable for fine Cloaths.*

Ah! how *alter'd* it must be,
Ere it can appear on *Me*!
Turning's not the least Disgrace!
'Tis the *Star* must lose its Place!
Pity *that* no more must shine,
Nor the *Ribband green* be mine.

When, O when, shall worthy *Bards*
Meet with *Honours* for Rewards?
When be mark'd, for fair Renown,
By some *Order* of their own?
Why is no *Distinction* giv'n
To the *Favourite Sons of Heav'n*?

How 'twou'd glorify our Race,
And his *Coronation* grace,
Shou'd the second *GEORGE* think fit
To create a Crown for *Wit*,

Ensigns of an *Order* new!

Neither *red*, nor *green*, nor *blue*!

But of *Rainbow's* various *Hue*!

And select, from tuneful *Herd*,

Poets nine to be prefer'd!

With a *Laureat*, Heav'n-ally'd,

In their *Chapters* to preside!

Like *Apollo*, Laurel-crown'd,

And the *Muses* all around!

With what *Majesty* and *State*,

How superior, greatly great,

Wou'd stern *Dennis* then appear,

With his *Ribband* and his *Star*?

Lord! how *Young* and *Gay* wou'd strut?

What a *Figure Hill* wou'd cut?

Little *Pope* improve his *Size*

Inches nearer to the *Skies*?

Phillips

upon several Occasions. 355

Phillips Namby Pamby quit,
And aspire to *Epic* Wit?
Welfed, like the Frog, full-blown,
Swell and burst with his Renown?
Rivers' luckless Son wou'd then
Think himself the *King of Men*!
And the *Laureat Eusden* look
Like a gilded Folio-Book!
I (who *Knight of Bath* shou'd be)
Wou'd be glad my self to see
In *Poetick Council* fit,
With the *Ornaments of Wit* —
Glory greater than the *Bays*,
Empty Breath and dying Praise!
Nor, were this rare *Order* made,
Shou'd our *Art* be deem'd a *Trade*,

Mercenary, vile and mean —

Lords and *Squires* wou'd then be seen

Of the *Tribe*, and proud to claim

Places with the *Knights of Fame* !

Hallifaxes wou'd arise,

And new *Dorset's* bless our Eyes !

Boyle's and *Buckingham's* divine

At our sacred *Sessions* shine !

Lawderdale's and *Lansdown's* yet

Seize their rightful Palm of Wit !

Chesterfield his *Kindred* own,

And partake of our Renown !

Dodington our Ensigns wear !

Wharton at our Board appear !

And Sir *William Y*—— wou'd part

With his *Red* with all his Heart,

And

And run deeper still in Debt,
So he cou'd the *Rainbow* get!

This no Fancy of the Brain,
No *Chimera* wild and vain,
Shou'd his *Majesty* proclaim —

“ Honour'd be the Sons of Fame ;

“ *Thus it shall be done to these,*

“ *Who transcend terrestrial Prose!*

What new Glory wou'd it bring
To the *Muses* and the *King*,
Were this noble *Order* fixt
For the *Coronation* next!

But whate'er the Fates decree,
Generous *Patron*, think of *me* ;

Let, O let not *Mitchell* pass,
In the Crowd, so like an *Ass*,

With Apparel coarse and plain;
 While your *Wardrobe* does contain
 Three-times Thirty *Sutes*, so fit
 For the Dignity of *Wit*.

Or, at once to crown my Pray'r,
 Shou'd I, by Decree of STAIR,
Master of the Robes but be —
Rule the Roast who will, for me!

Horace, by *Mæcenæ* grac'd,
 And with *Lyrick Poets* plac'd,
 Reach'd not nearer lofty Skies,
 Than my raptur'd *Self* shou'd rise!

Sublimi feriam Sidera vertice.





T O

Dr. ARBUTHNOT,

On Occasion of the Indisposition of

JOHN *Earl* of STAIR,

1726.

IS *Stair*, the *Patriot* and the *Patron*, ill?

Where then, *Arbuthnot*, is thy *saving Skill*?

Say, thou great *Æsculapius* of our *Isle*,

On whom *Apollo*, and the *Muses* smile,

Is the dire Cause of this *Disease* unknown?

Or, for thy *Art*, too high and mighty grown?

Impossible! thy *Recipes* excel,

And thou hast studied *Constitutions* well.

Twice to thy Hand *Britannia* look'd for Aid,
When ANNA'S Illness made her Sons afraid;
And twice thy Hand the *Tyrant's* Rage o'ercame,
Preserv'd the *Queen*, and won immortal *Fame*,
—But, ah! renown'd *Physician*, shall *Disease*
Not, by thy Means, on this Occasion, cease?
Stair is the *Patient*! *Stair*, our noble *Chief*!
In *Peace*, or *War*, the Nation's sure Relief!
Shall *He* feel *Pain*, at this important *Time*?
He suffer, for some mighty publick *Crime*?
How will the News confound our good *Allies*?
How animate our daring *Enemies*?
Rather, *Britannia*, be whole *Legions* lost:
Let *Gibraltar* become the *Spanish* Boast,
Hero and *Courtier*, most accomplish'd, *He*!
The best great *Man*, and all in all, to *Me*!

O cou'd

O cou'd *my Pain* relieve my *tortur'd Lord* !

O cou'd *my Blood*, to *Him*, sound *Health* afford !

— But vain the Wish. What pious Pray'rs can save

The *greatest Mortal* from the gapeing *Grave* ?

Yet, shou'd *He* yield to all-devouring *Death*,

What then, to *Me*, wou'd boot surviving *Breath* ?

Stair once departed, what cou'd cheer my *Mind* ?

Mæcenâs gone, wou'd *Horace* stay behind ?

No. 'Tis resolv'd, whene'er the *Patron* dies,

The *Poet* shall attend him to the *Skies*.

But see ! He's well ! by kind *Arbuthnot's* Art,

Affliction's banish'd from my *Hero's Heart*.

New *Life* and *Vigour* animate his *Frame* !

His *Looks* and *Air* recover'd *Health* proclaim !

Again *He moves* ! again *appears Abroad* !

Adorns the Court ! and *personates a God* !

How

How glad each *Face* ! how joyful every *Friend* !

— Quick, to our *Foes*, the fatal Tydings send,

That *Charles* and *Philip*, *Thunderstruck*, may yield

To *British Terms*, and timely quit the Field.

And, thou *Arbutnot*, Arbiter of *Health* !

Thou *second Saviour* ! live in Peace and Wealth.

While surly and pragmatic *Doctors* kill,

Let great good Nature, and true Humour, still

Inspire thy *Recipes*, and recommend thy *Skill*.

So shall the *Muses* sing Thee in their Lays;

And *Gulliver*, himself, proclaim thy Praise,

Thee, the great *Brobdingnagian Doctor* call,

And others puny *Lilliputians* all !





BOLD COUNSEL,

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN *Earl of* STAIR,

1728.

Enough, my LORD, of earthly Pride you've seen!
Enough exalted and illustrious been!

European Courts can boast no pompous Show,

No *Pow'r*, or *Politicks*, but what *you* know.

In *Peace* or *War*, is there a noble *Art*,

A *Glory*, wherein *you* have had no Part?

Statesman and *Soldier*, different Names, agree

To mix, and shine with all their Force, in *Thee*.

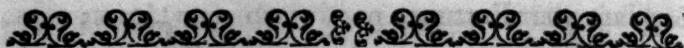
What

What *foreign Nation*, your great Worth denies?
Fame of your Virtues, all-acknowledg'd, flies.
Unbias'd, all your Character confess,
And none, *Abroad*, e'er wish'd your Honours less.
Ev'n *Britons*, blind to Merit of their own,
In spite of *Faction*, your Applauses crown.
Subjects, with Praise, your Excellence revere,
And *Princes* are indebted to your Care.
Your Patriot Zeal, and Management confess,
Have, more than once, the *King* and *Country* blest.
— Now, by your Hand, we're rescu'd and renown'd,
Retire, great *Lord*, with hoary Honours crown'd;
After a Course of *publick Glory*, shine
Like *Concinnatus*, in your Life's Decline;
Enjoy the Blessings of a *private State*;
Still, tho' remov'd from Care and Business, *great*.

Then

Then shall not upstart, crafty, Minions' Art
Supplant your Fortune, nor disturb your Heart;
Their *moony* Radiance shall not shade the Light
Of your meridian *Sun*, that made them bright:
But Peace and Honour evermore remain,
And th' Evening, like your Day of Life, serene.
The *Muses* too, obsequious, shall attend,
The *Muses*, ever faithful to their Friend!
'Tis *theirs* to wait the *Great Man* to the Grave,
And from Detraction and Oblivion save.
Tho' *Flatterers* fly, and the *Oblig'd* forsake;
Tho' *Friends* their Leave, at your *Retirement*, take;
Tho' *Court* and *Country*, shou'd *Deserters* prove,
Mitchell must serve the Man, he's bound to love;
Honour'd and proud, if, for his duteous Care,
He's still regarded by his *Patron* STAIR.

VERSES



V E R S E S

To the Right Honourable the

Lady S O M M E R V I L L E,

On her Marriage.

W H E N *Themes* profane the *Poet's* Choice
are made,

The sacred *Nine* reluctant lend their Aid:

But half inspir'd the *Fancy* then appears,

And languid *Numbers* pass for manly *Verse*.

Not so, when noble Subjects claim their Song —

The *Muses* then around their *Votary* throng!

Then,

on several Occasions. 367

Then, all at once, their tuneful Forces join,
Swell in each Thought, and in each Cadence shine!

Devious, of late, amid too light a Strain,
Each of the *Sisters* was invok'd, in vain;
From my weak Wing, the sweet *Supporters* fled,
Sunk were my Spirits, and my Numbers dead.
But, soon as *Fame* reliev'd me with the Sound,
That SOMMERVILLE in You his Heav'n had found,
Wrapt, I resolv'd th'inspiring Choice to sing,
And crowding *Muses* danc'd on every String.

Receive, illustrious Charmer, the Respect
Your *Poet* pays ; and what he writes protect.
While *others* cold and formal Zeal display,
And wish you Joy, the dull prosaic Way ;
Mitchell, distinguish'd, with a livelier Air,
Visits in Verse, nor hails you less sincere.

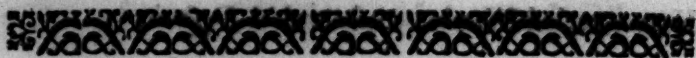
Reign,

Reign, *wedded Love*, on Reason founded strong!
Thou Source of *Kindred*, and thou Soul of *Song*!
In *Thee*, the Lover meets no treacherous Smile;
No faithless Snares his manag'd Heart beguile.
What tho' to *One* thou do'st Desire confine?
Thy Bounds are *Eden*, a Restraint divine!
Sweetly associate, *He* sustains no Care,
That She disarms not by Her Right to share.
Her Joys are heighten'd by the Part He bears,
And all Her Words are Musick to his Ears.
Dash'd on Life's Ocean, when the swelling Waves
Rise over *one*, th'assisting *Consort* saves;
Till *each* at Anchor, 'midst the Tempest, rides,
Nor dreads the Surges, nor obeys the Tides!
How greatly blest must this bright Union be,
Where *Bodies* emulate, and *Souls* agree!

On several Occasions. 369

Pride of thy blooming Sex — your Eyes and Air
Have wearied *Wonder*, and awak'd *Despair*.
Your *Form* seems made to match your heav'nly Mind,
And, while on *Earth*, to leave all *Earth* behind!
While SOMMERVILLE, by Nature form'd to please,
His native Bravery softens into Ease,
And mixes Mildness with his manly Grace.
His warrior Line has triumph'd oft before;
But *He*, in conquering *You*, has triumph'd more.
May lengthen'd Life your meeting Wishes crown,
And rising Ages spread your wreath'd Renown!
May no first Death your social Hearts divide,
But late, together, be this Knot unty'd!





V E R S E S

Occasion'd by the DEATH of
 The Right Honourable the
Countess of GRANTHAM.

Pardon, O Shade Divine, th' officious Verse
 That breaks the sacred Silence of thy Hearse.
 The Muses' Grief, when for the Dead design'd,
 Appears, at best, *impertinently Kind!*

Courtiers and Poets mix not oft in Care,
 Their Passions and their Views so different are!
 But, to this mourn'd Occasion, all must owe
 One social Utterance of one general Woe.

upon several Occasions. 371

So shall the distant Poles one Fate sustain,
When the last Trumpet wakes the Dead again.

Trembling, the Muse surveys the clouded Courts
How damp'd their Converſe, and how daſh'd their
Sports!

What gloomy Palenefs deadens every Face!
What ſickning Memory checks each riſing Grace!
The *Royal Pair* ſtand fix'd in gen'rous Pain,
And look a Grief that makes all Language vain.
Round, in deep Silence, ſad'ning Paſſions flow,
And Sighs from Sighs catch the contagious Woe.

Fancy, amidſt the funeral Pomp is led,
And waits, in ſolemn March, the moving Dead.
Lodg'd, in cold Earth, her *Body* ſinks reſign'd,
But her immortal *Image* charms Mankind.
Soft ſleep thy *Duſt* to wait th' eternal Will;
Then riſe unchang'd, and be an *Angel* ſtill.

Ye loveliest of her fair Survivors, come,
And, with sweet Sorrow, grace her sacred Tomb:
Fix'd o'er her marble Mirror, leaning, see
What weak Defence from Death your Charms can be!
Think what she was; and, conscious of her Due,
Teach us, by mourning *Her*, to sigh for *You*.

But what wish'd Comfort shall the Muse afford
To the sad Bosom of her *widow'd Lord*?
Think — since not all your *Love* cou'd Life restrain —
How can your *Sorrow* charm her back again?
High above *Hope* or *Fear*, she now lives blest,
Where nothing, but your *Woe*, can break her Rest:
O let her, undisturb'd, those Blessings share,
Which cannot greater be, till *You* are there.



PETER



PETER:
A N
HEROI-COMICAL POEM,
In Six Canto's

*Dicam infigne recens, adhuc
Intactum ore alio.* — HOR.

CANTO I.

PETER (whose Story puzzled all the Town,
Ere * *Gulliver* and † *Mary Tofts* were known)
I, first, attempt to celebrate in Song —
Nor shall my Muse the *Sylvan Hero* wrong,

* *Capt. Lemuel Gulliver.*

† *The Rabbit-Woman.*

If thou, *Arbutnot*, stand'st but on my Side;
Alike, his skilful *Tutor* and my *Guide*!

Yet not on vulgar Aid depends the *Muse* —

Great, as my wondrous Subject, are my Views!
To Godlike *Brunswick* — whom the Nations own
The rightful Wearer of *Britannia's* Crown;
Who rules the Hearts of People, brave and free;
Absolute Lord of *Peter*, and of *Me*;

To Him I, suppliant, make my warm Address:
His Smiles are Sanction, and his Praise Success.

— If, 'mid'st thy Cares and Toils for human Kind,
Sometimes, the *Poets* have amus'd thy Mind;
If e'er my *Hero* found thy frank Regard;
O *King*, indulge the Genius of thy *Bard*,
And a whole Work, with one kind Smile, reward.

Methinks the *Menarch*, with auspicious Nod,
Bids me proceed, and wakes the inspiring God!

Sudden,

Sudden, I feel my daring Soul possess,
 And swelling Raptures heave my beating Breast!
 Legions of Thoughts, original indeed,
 Thoughts, that ne'er enter'd in an Ancient's Head;
 Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' delicate, yet strong;
 Jostle for Place of Honour, in my Song!
 What various Humour, Sense, and Learning, join
 To glorify this singular Design!
 Here, the bold *Homer*, *Maro* the Discreet,
Milton sublime, and witty *Scarroon* meet!
Cervantes, *Butler*, *Boileau*, *Dryden*, *Lee*,
Phillips, and *Prior*, mingle all in *Me*!
 What choice Ingredients my rich *Oleo* rear!
 The Wonderment of all, who see, or hear!
 But who, ah! who can *relish*, as they *read*?
 Who on the *different Delicacies* feed?

Who

Who rightly enter into what is *new*,
 And judge with *Taste*, that's *elegantly True*?
Criticks and *Fops*, in Character extream,
 My Work, in vain, will celebrate, or blame!
 Nor *Those*, nor *These*, alas! can take me *Right*!
 Out of their *Way* is every Word I write!
 In *Oddness* lies my *Muse*'s whole Delight!
 Thou *Swift*, (facetious, deep-discerning *Dean*!)
 May'st find me out, and catch my Fancy, clean:
 To Souls, like thine, *Arcana*'s open lie,
 Nor can a *Nostrum* 'scape thy brilliant Eye!
 Let half a Score such *Judges* give me Praise,
 And Worlds beside combine to blast my Bays.

Charm'd with the Hopes, I soar, I tow'r in flight,
 And ten Leagues leave the *Vulgar* out of sight.
 But deign, my *Muse*, whose undivided View
 Looks present, past, and future Wonders thro',

The

The very Embrio's of Events foresees,
 And pierces Heav'n's *Arcana* and Decrees,
 Deign, for the Sake of Mortals, to relate
 Your deep Discoveries in the Book of Fate;
 Say, did no antient *Sybil*, *Priest* or *Sage*,
 With Soul illumin'd, kenn afar this Age?
 Were all the boasted *Oracles* unskill'd?
 Without a *Prophet*, is the Time fulfil'd,
 The destin'd Time! when mortal Men shou'd see
Peter, the Wild! the World's last Prodigy!
 Tam'd by *Arbutnot*, and describ'd by *Me*.
 Was he, O strange! begot, conceiv'd, and born,
 And not one *Planet* from its Orbit torn?
 No *Miracle* to usher him to Earth?
 Did Nature sleep, unconscious, at his Birth?
 Impossible. A *Cyrus* Dreams predict,
 And *Cæsar*'s Fall must Heav'n and Earth afflict!

Are

Are Men and Gods concern'd at such Affairs?
Are Wonders wrought to honour Names, like *Theirs*?
But must a *Peter*, like a *Mushroom*, rise?
Did not his Birth confound both Earth and Skies?
Yes; for, of him, the *Sybil's* Books were full,
Nor prov'd the antient *Oracles* so dull.
Prophets of old, foresaw him in their Dreams,
And *Poets* sung him under different Names.
What tho' ten thousand Volumes are destroy'd?
Volumes! in my great *Hero's* Praise employ'd.
Ten thousand still, in *uncouth Tongues* remain,
Which *Bently* wou'd attempt to read, in vain!
— But not on Books his Greatness stands its Ground;
By more divine Prefages, he's renown'd!
Each late strange Action, Accident, and Sight,
Had secret Reference to my *Sylvan Knight*.

The glorious *Revolution's* Self foreran
 The *Savage's* Conversion into Man!
 What meant the *Meteors*, late, display'd in Air?
 Did not the *Russian Czar* his Day prepare?
 The *Czar*, another *Peter*! sent, with Pow'rs,
 To shine the *Type* and *Harbinger* of ours!
 Did not that pow'rful *Emperor* appear,
 In his first Life, a Sort of *human Bear*?
 Were not his Actions and Behaviour rude?
 His very Spirit favour'd of the Wood!
 Till, found and tamed, he rose, with matchless Worth,
 The burning Light and Glory of the North?
 — But to the *Reverend* leaving this Dispute,
 And why my Hero first appear'd a *Brute*,
Muse, sing what *unmysterious Laymen* say,
 And how they give his Birth a different Way:

Whether,

Whether, according to a certain *Creed*,
Of a new Species he was meant the Head ;
And, in the Wood of *Hamelen*, form'd compleat,
Like *Eden-Adam* — but without a Mate ?
Or, if, for Treason, thrown from Heav'n, he fell
Like *Lucifer* — but not to such an Hell ?
Whether, incarnate, he's, infernal Fiend,
Broke loose, in hopes his Fortune here to mend ?
Or if, the Spawn of *beterogeneous* Breed,
He sprung from human, mix'd with bestial, Seed ?
If, procreated in the natural Way,
Unnatural Parents did the Boy convey,
By brutal Rage to perish ; or be fed,
As erst by Wolves, the *Persian* Chief was bred ?
Whether he's one of the fam'd *Fairy Blades*,
Who us'd to gambol in the Woodland Shades.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, a Wanderer from his pigmy Kind,
 Or, for some Roguery, left for Men to find?
 Whether, perhaps, he casually stray'd?
 Or was, by Rogues, from native Home betray'd?
 If left, or lost, by *Gypsies*, in the Field,
 He liv'd on what the savage Soil cou'd yield?
 Or whether, by a *Deluge*, he was swept
 From some contiguous Dwelling-place; and kept,
 By Care divine, amid the *Sylvan* Throng,
 T'amuse Mankind, and furnish out my Song?
 Or, if, abhorrent of th' iniquious Age,
 His Father, a *Philosopher* and *Sage*,
 Preferring the Society of *Brutes*,
 Expos'd the Boy to live on humble Roots,
 And, by the odd Experiment, restore
 The State of Nature, as it stood before?
 If,

If, struck with Sense of Misery and Woe,
 Which human-kind, by *Tameing*, undergo,
 His Sire resolv'd he wou'd not spoil the Child,
 But, out of Love and Pity, bred him *wild*?
 Or rather, if, disgusted at the Times,
 Our Fashions, Follies, Villanies, and Crimes,
Astrea like, himself bid Earth farewell,
 And hop'd in *Hamelen*, as in Heav'n, to dwell?
 These and a thousand more Conjectures, I,
 Uncurious pass, with solemn Reverence, by;
 Suffic'd, that, whether, born, or calv'd, or made,
 He reign'd a *brutal Governour* by Trade,
 Till thou, great *Brunswick* (so Heav'n's Council stood)
 Seiz'd on the Prey, and forc'd him from the Wood,
 No less for *Peter's*, than *Britannia's* Good.
 But how he liv'd, and rul'd, and was obey'd,
 The Leagues he form'd, the Politicks he weigh'd;

His

on several Occasions. 383

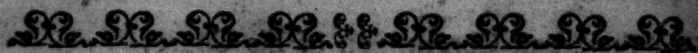
His Studies, Wars, Religion, and his Sport;
The State and Constitution of his Court;
Why, how, and when, he was to *Britain* brought;
What he has done, and what is to be wrought;
These, and a thousand odder Things, than *These*,
Shall swell my *Canto's*, and enrich my Baya.

The End of the First CANTO.

Hiatus ad Finem descendus.



EPITAPH



EPITAPH

*For the TOMB of an Infant, mis-
carried before it had received the
Breath of Life.*

THE first dear Fruit of *Myra's* Womb,
Abortive, sanctifies this *Tomb*.

Thrice happy Child, exempt from *Breath*,
From *Birth*, from *Being*, and from *Death*;
Since *Life* is but one *common Care*,
And *Man* was made to *mourn* and *fear*!

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.

